RUDOLPH VALENTINO EDITS THIS ISSUE

Movie Weekly

August 11
1923

TEN
CENTS

What they're doing now with Screen-struck Girls

Why Women leave Home by Aileen PRINGLE

Rudolph VALENTINO

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Vol. III

MOVIE WEEKLY

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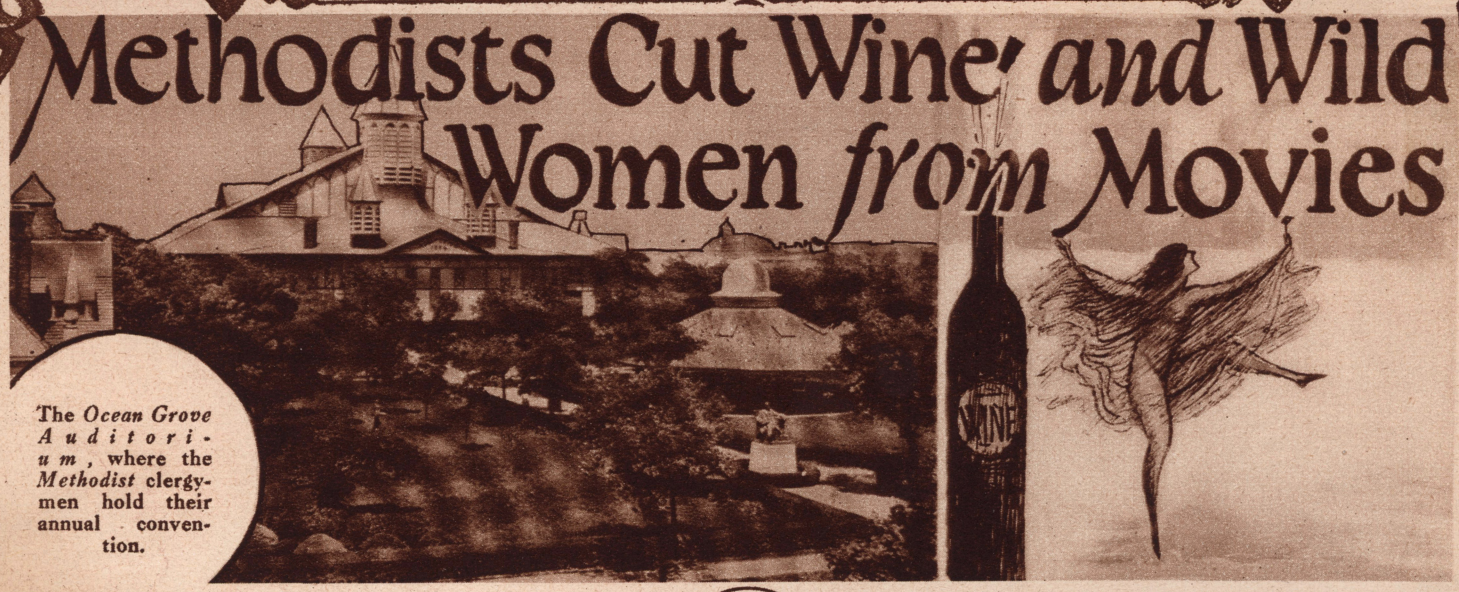
Methodists Cut Wine and Wild Women from Movies



The *Ocean Grove Auditorium*, where the *Methodist* clergymen hold their annual convention.

Coming

No More Hula-Hula

At Ocean Grove, New Jersey, where the Methodist clergymen convene annually, there has recently been issued an edict against the so-called objectionable features in the films.

These objectionable features include drinking scenes, wild parties, hula-hula dancing and moments of hectic sentimentality between a man and a maid. And they've all had to go.

Yes, sir, a lady in shredded wheat has no more chance on the silversheet now in Ocean Grove than the proverbial snowball ever had elsewhere.

The inside story of this recently enforced censorship will be told in next week's issue of Movie Weekly.

On the newsstands Thursday.

DON'T MISS IT!

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(All unsolicited manuscripts are submitted at the owner's risk, although every effort will be made to return those found unavailable.)

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John Coxford

"Yes! I am not an Invalid!"

says Rudolph VALENTINO

"I have always heard that the pen was mightier than the sword, but I never realized the infinite truth of it until now. Editing a magazine may not be a bed of roses but it's tremendously interesting and fascinating."
RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

"Alas!" said *Mr. Valentino*, "it is a cruel world which has forced me to tell this awful and unforgivable truth."

Screen star *demonstrates his physical fitness* by coming up to offices of Movie Weekly and acting as editor for a day

EVERY worthy scribbler following the intelligent hint of a newspaper reporter, who, for some unknown reason insisted that I should be in Johns Hopkins Hospital, while in reality I happened to be in Chicago, Illinois (which, if I am to believe the topographical map of the United States, are quite far apart), placed me, without extending me the courtesy of a consultation, among the imaginary, neurotic, neurasthenic and temperamental list of stars of Hollywood. Though I have been accused by some other equally visionary journalist that I came from peasant stock, actually and in reality my father happened to be a doctor, and though I loved and idealized him privately, professionally I never had any use for him or anyone connected with that science. By this I do not mean to be disrespectful; I mean I have never had any need or cause to avail myself of the services of those worthy followers of Aesculapius.

I feel deeply distressed that I must shatter the illusions gained by many, from the publicity department of my former employers, depicting me as a wan and interestingly pale, beardless youth, leisurely reclining on down sofas, supported by silken pillows and wickedly smoking sheikishly perfumed cigarettes.

With great fears for the future and sinking heart, I feel the approach of that dreadful moment when some of my friends unconsciously might betray me, and let the truth out, that I hold the record among them as the speediest and largest consumer of that manna vulgarly termed as "FOOD." I must then choose between the two evils, and lest somebody might beat me to it, I must openly and bravely acknowledge that "my delicate, Latin temperament" has never been soothed within the four walls of the Johns Hopkins Hospital, or any other asylum dedicated to such humaritarian and useful purpose; in fact the truth of the matter is that I am too disgustingly healthy to become the fortunate charge of the beautiful nurses I am supposed to have thrilled—(my apologies to Mrs. Valentino).

Alas!!! It is a cruel world which has forced me to tell this awful and unforgivable truth, before the special writers and learned students of the psychology and home life of the inmates of Hollywood be turned upon my path, and in spite of their keen sense of psychoanalysis and faculty of home-rubbernecking through the windows, might discover the TRUTH.

I LIVE in the fondest hope that having been the first to admit my crime, the kindness of heart and generosity of this worthy scribbler and his *confreres* will give me another chance.

I will at present merely add that I therefore offer myself to them for dissection in all humility and commend myself unto their good graces; so that I may offer my services to them at all times, and prove furthermore the worthiness of their respectful and most obedient servant.

Cum gratia.

R. Valentino

Fund raised to create Screen-struck Girls invad-

Will H. Hays heads committee to provide shelter and sustenance for *impoverished movie aspirants* who journey to West Coast in quest of screen fame—*Mary Pickford* and *Nazimova* lend aid

By T. *Howard Kelly*

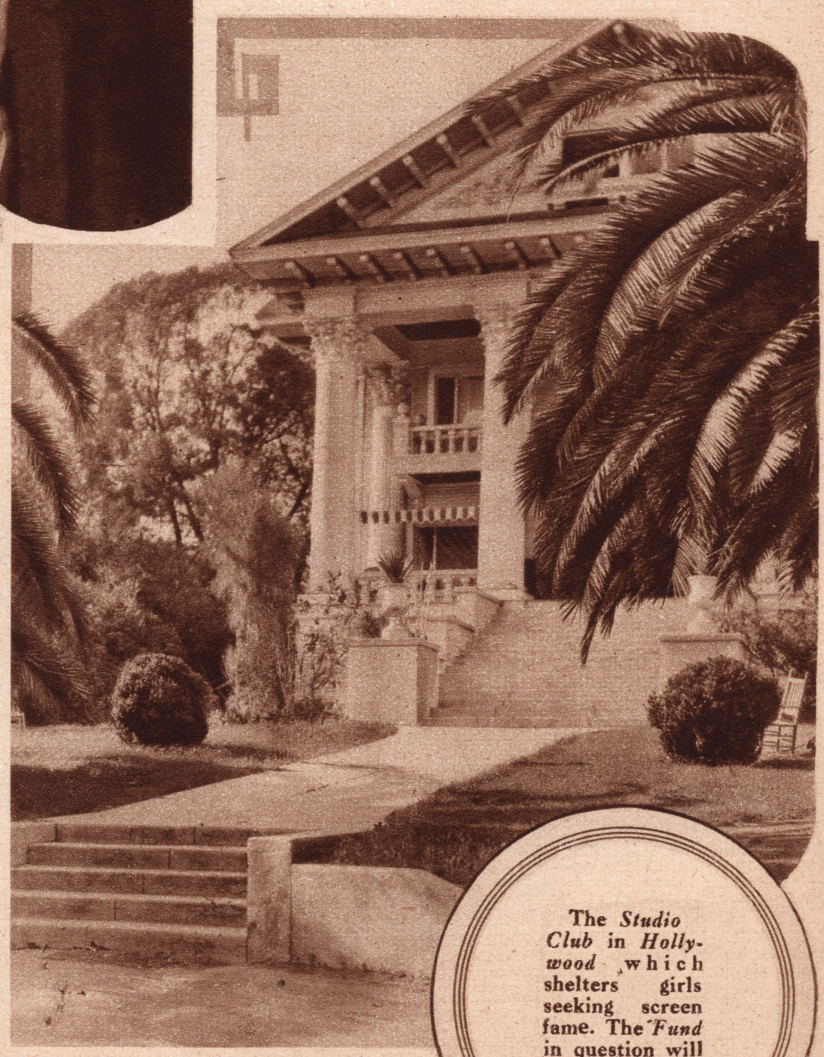
Will H. Hays, major domo of movie land, who leads the movement to raise funds for a home in Hollywood for homeless girls.

> *"The idea of Mr. Hays is praiseworthy, but I fear that its adaptation might prove difficult inasmuch as such an institution might encourage young girls to forsake their fireside, knowing that they will be taken care of. Young girls should realize that it is not only the desire to become a screen actress that makes it a fact. Acting ability, and photographic qualities are necessary attributes to be taken into consideration."*
>
> RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

Why are girls marching on Hollywood in greater numbers than ever?

What is the real lure behind their temptation this summer?

These are two questions both of which have been given two directly opposite answers apiece, answers which conflict in this: that one set blames the film city for delib-



The *Studio Club* in *Hollywood* which shelters girls seeking screen fame. The *Fund* in question will be used to enlarge the *Club.*

MOVIE madness, burning in the veins of school and working girls, is today responsible for a situation in Hollywood, the capital of screenland, which revives stories of the gold-rush days of years ago when California was the goal of men seeking their fortunes in virgin mines, not the mecca of young women seeking fame and wealth in the silver land of make-believe. Penniless and friendless hundreds of these girls are arriving at Hollywood in their quest of a chance to become motion picture stars.

This news follows in the wake of an announcement that one hundred and thirty thousand dollars has been raised through the efforts of Will Hays among big producers to aid the Y. W. C. A. multiply the housing accommodations of its Hollywood Studio Club one hundredfold. Mr. Hays tells me that he does not know anything definite concerning the reported advance of film struck girls in unprecendented numbers on the western Mecca of filmdom this summer. His efforts to raise this money were prompted because of his belief in the efficacy of a club of this kind for the general good of the movie city.

But, Mrs. Edward M. Townsend of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A., and who is actively engaged in pushing subscriptions to further the project of adding more quarters to the present club house, is responsible for the following statement which indicates that a veritable horde of girls with movie ambitions must be marching on Hollywood.

"And so the roads to Hollywood are lined with movie-mad children, walking to save fare, sublimely confident that a pretty face, a slight gift for amateur theatricals, or in some cases nothing further than a blind adoration for some popular screen star will be sufficient to open the doors of the great motion picture studios.

"Once there they must be cared for. Hollywood is a place of residences with few available hotels. Opportunities for work outside of the studios are negligible, and dreams are a poor substitute for three meals a day, and a place to sleep."

The Studio Club maintained under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A.'s National Board has been in existence since 1916 and it is interesting to learn that several of our most popular stars of the present were film struck girls that the club sheltered once upon a time. Marjory Daw, Lois Lee and Vianna Knowlton are three screen celebrities who found their way to stardom from the Studio Club. Louise Huff was the first president of the Studio Club, and many noted persons in the film world including Mary Pickford, Mrs. Cecil B. De Mille, Ethel Clayton, Nazimova, Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, and Mrs. Charles Ray are actively interested in it today.

home for horde of ing Hollywood

erately luring these girls, while the other set of answers clears Hollywood of such an absurd charge.

Movie Weekly consistently endeavors to turn the searchlight of truth upon everything that affects the motion picture industry regardless of whether or not the revelations may be entirely favorable to the film world. Naturally this magazine is always glad to present the real facts which are in favor of the industry. However, in the best interests of the business we also feel that final the columns of this magazine. Members of the film colony also realize strongly how hurtful such colorful propaganda is, and they too have risen up to defend their town.

To me the cause of Hollywood's

***Alla Nazimova* is another screen star who has been actively interested in aiding the *Studio Club*.**

***Mary Pickford*, who is interested in the new *Fund* and the work that it furthers. *Our Mary* is shown here in a scene *from "The Street Singer,"* her most recent picture.**

temporary movie madness, instead of proving a siren, Hollywood actually takes steps to warn these girls away. In spite of the warning, however, they insist on marching to Hollywood.

WILL HAYS, the big stick in moviedom, when stating that he helped raise the sum of one hundred and thirty thousand dollars for the specific purpose of enlarging present quarters of the Studio Club declared that undoubtedly there was and is, a need for an institution of this kind in Hollywood which, he says, is carrying on a scope of social and welfare work that is growing daily in comparison to the progress of the movie industry.

When he made a preliminary investigation of conditions in Hollywood shortly after assuming his place as president of the Motion Picture Producers and Distributors of America he advised them that the Club be enlarged as soon as possible. Mr. Hays found that it was the kind of social center needed in a place where a whole city is given over to the pursuit of one profession—that of acting before the camera. It served not only as a rendezvous for the filmites, but it also acted as a clearing house for many social problems which cropped up from time to time. The movie boss went much farther than giving advice. He promised to help raise the funds necessary to increase the accommodations at the Club from a place to shelter twenty to a place capable of housing one hundred girls.

A few days ago he was able to announce that one hundred and thirty thousand dollars had been raised for this purpose by contributions from the leading film producers of the country. Only a few moments after this announcement and some sensational papers were tingling with stories to the effect that the money was raised to save and protect poor innocent movie-struck girls who had been lured away from home and families by the bright lights of Hollywood and its seductive ways! Of course it makes good copy for the newspapers. But it is thrusting an unjust accusation at the film capital.

I am not attempting to say that every year does not witness a large number of imaginative young girls stranded in Hollywood with nothing left but a vain and forlorn hope of getting into the movies. But this admission does not indicate that Hollywood is guilty of any new, or old sins. Girls are running away from home every day in the year for all kinds of reasons, chief among which is not a movie craze inspired by deliberate lure.

(*Continued on page* 30)

good will come from the exposure of facts, or situations, which may show that the picture universe is peopled by human beings who like the rest of their fellow creatures are sometimes prone to the ways of the flesh. In this particular instance we have an irrefutable argument with which to prove the statement that in most cases of movie defamation the facts are twisted or sensationalized in such a manner as to cast a stain upon the morals of screen people.

For the above reasons we are going to give both sets of answers to these questions just to prove the injustice of some of the things that are charged to the moral account of Hollywood and screen actors and actresses.

A STORY has been circulated that Hollywood is to blame for the movie madness which tempts girls to run away from home and seek their fortunes in the land of celluloid make-believe, because Hollywood boastfully publicizes itself as an El Dorado of silks, perfumes, luxuries, pleasure, wine and song. Nothing is farther from the truth.

William J. Burns, internationally famous detective, and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, creator of our literature's best mystery fiction, have both given Hollywood a clean bill of morals through temptation lies not in the city itself, but in the hearts and minds of these girls who foolishly imagine that they are cut out to be picture stars, and upon the strength of such a conviction strike out for the movie metropolis regardless of what fate may await them. In substantiation of this belief I quote further from the report of Mrs. Townsend with regard to the march of film-struck girls upon Hollywood:

"In a comfortable looking white Colonial mansion set among green palm trees and bathed in the dazzling splendor of Hollywood, a wholesome, jolly young woman is opening a stack of morning mail. 'Please reserve a room for me,' she reads. 'Everyone says that I would make a wonderful movie actress. I know I have talent, and I feel the dramatic urge.' A shadow crosses the face of the jolly young woman.

"Miss Marjorie Williams, hostess of the Studio Club, makes it her business to reply at once. 'Stay where you are. Hollywood has no opportunity for untrained girls.' And, yet, in ten cases out of twelve the answer comes back, 'I am coming anyway.'"

There you are! Instead of beckoning to the poor deluded girls who may be suffering from

Rocking with Sheiks — in the movies

"I should hate to be held responsible as the forefather of this legion of Sheiks."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

Miriam Cooper and *Kenneth Harlan* in *"The Girl Who Came Back."* If this is what she came back to, you can't blame her, can you?

Modern cavemen don't need a cave to make them feel at home. All a movie caveman needs is a Sheik's costume. Here's *Conway Tearle* and *Pola Negri* in *"Bella Donna."*

Frank Mayo is a sleek Sheik in *"Souls for Sale."*

It's a good thing Sheiks are not obliged to tip their hats when they meet a lady.

Ben Turpin as *"The Shriek of Araby"* doesn't let his right eye know what his left hand is doing.

"Tents of Allah," with *Monte Blue* and *Mary Thurman*, was all full of sheikish atmosphere and tents. Even the heat was intense.

"Are you a Screen Star, Mr. GALLAGHER?" "Positively, Mr. SHEAN!"

"I wonder when production controversies arise on the Fox lot, whether or not the Studio Manager or some other official will say: 'Absolutely, Mr. Gallagher! Positively, Mr. Shean!'"

RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

Gallagher and *Shean*, famous singing comedians of the *"Follies,"* who have broken into the movies under the auspices of *William Fox*.

Famous pair of *singing comedians break into films* and tell Movie Weekly representative what they think about the movies

By Gladys Hall

NOW, Mister Gallagher, now, Mister Shean . . .".

This is the ritzy manner in which we began our famous interview with Messrs. Gallagher and Shean, favorites of the Follies, and but lately added to the roster of the movies by the astute William Fox.

We have done many an interview in our young day, in many an odd and unexpected place, such as moving stairways, Fifth Avenue busses, Mirror candy stores, subway stations, rathskellars, cathedrals, etcetera. But up to yesterday we have always kept pretty solidly to terra firma. Yesterday, veritably, we were among the stars. We shook hands with Mars and kissed the top of the Woolworth Building "Good morning."

We found Messrs. Gallagher and Shean on the top of the New York Telephone Building, where they were filming scenes for their picture, to be called "Around the Town with Gallagher and Shean," unless the title be changed at the customary eleventh hour. The top of the New York Telephone Building registers about twenty-eight stories above sea level, and on top of that there is a "set" erected, bring the sum total of the altitude to about thirty-odd stories above the aforesaid level. A fitting place to commune with the stars. Fame has ever been coy and difficult of pursuit, but never so much so as in the cases of Gallagher and Shean.

Absolutely, Mister Gallagher.

Positively, Mr. Shean . . .

And thus, facetiously, with our tongue in our cheek, we began to interview the celebrated pair, who have made a nation hum their funny tune and laugh at their funny faces.

AND lo, and yet behold, we found them gentlemen of serious deportment, grave outlooks upon life, serious manners, sad eyes and a portentous sense of the Great Importance of Living.

Life has not always been comedy for them. Fifteen years ago they were playing together and flirting with success; then something happened between them and they swore they would never speak to one another again. For fifteen years each went his solitary way, playing the two or three a week, earning much obscurity and little cash. A mutual friend, realizing their value as a pair, gave a dinner and brought them together again. Result: The Follies, the Movies, the Laurel Wreath of Fame.

But still in their serious, retrospective eyes, there rests the shadow of those fifteen years. Success has come to them with the shock of cold water which they have found, upon investigation, to coat them with gold.

We asked them how it felt to be successful:

Said Mr. Gallagher:

"It feels like a nightmare . . ."

"A dream, Mister Gallagher,' interposed Mr. Shean.

"A dream, Mister Shean," agreed Mister Gallagher, "such a dream that I wake up at nights to pinch myself so that I'll know it's true. We're just about getting accustomed to it now. Just beginning to feel natural."

"What about the movies?" we asked.

"You tell her, Mister Gallagher . . ."

"No, you tell her, Mister Shean . . ."

"Well, it's like this," said Mister Shean, "we had several offers to go on the screen during the past years, but we always felt that we were not screen material at the time. Isn't that right, Mister Gallagher?"

"Absolutely, Mister Shean."

BUT when Mister Shean was on the Coast last year, he said that all he heard throughout the country were the names of Gallagher and Shean, and so we realized that if we had a big enough production, sufficient backing and the right kind of exploitation it might be the thing to do. We wouldn't have considered anything less than a six-reel picture, with a good story and that sort of thing.

"We haven't any further screen plans. We're going to wait to see what happens to this picture. If it goes over big, well, then we'll see. If it doesn't . . . at least, we will have done the best we could in the best way it could be done and we'll credit it to experience.

RUDOLPH Romantic

Intimate glimpse of the real Rudy *who more than any other living man* represents to woman the perfect romantic lover

By David A. Balch

Rudolph Valentino, as he appears in costume while dancing the tango.

Rudolph Valentino edits *Movie Weekly*, while *David A. Balch*, the regular editor, looks on with admiration.

IT WON'T be necessary to tell you what he looks like. All of you who attend the movies, or who read the newspapers and magazines, have seen pictures of him and are familiar with the aquiline outlines of his dark, handsome face. Therefore, all we can do is tell you what he talks like, what he acts like, what—actually—Rudolph Valentino, the man, is, and if we can do this, then, we shall feel that we have accomplished a very great deal and shall be able to go to sleep in peace.

We first recall seeing him only three years back. We had proposed to the Company we worked for that it make a motion picture of Ibanez' novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and to our eternal astonishment, the Company, at length, consented to do so. Then, through the excellent craftsmanship of June Mathis and the wizardry of Rex Ingram, it came at last to the screen with a cast we remember that was notable in at least one instance. That instance was the handsome dark-eyed youth who played Julio, the young wastrel.

Rudolph Valentino!

It was a name that at the time meant nothing to us. But as we sat and watched the picture for the first time, slowly, gradually, the magic of his personality began to weave a strange spell over us. We saw him moving through the picture—a lonely, sombre, tragic figure that seemed to us the very symbol of picturesque romance. It was the first time, too, that we had ever seen a man who we could imagine would be fascinating to women.

And we said then: Here is a chap who will go far. How dumb will how many companies be before someone signs him up on a long term contract? Ah, there were many of them, it seemed, and some were more conspicuous for their dumbness than others.

Later, we learned that he had arrived, and that the name of Rudolph Valentino stood for the last word in masculine attractiveness, the very symbol of incarnate romance. To accomplish this, it had taken him—let's see—seven long years.

Well, the other day he walked into our office, shaking hands with us for the first time. And as we looked at him, this is what we thought:

Here is a man who, if the measure of greatness is to mold the destiny of others, is one of the most tremendous personalities in the world today. He is the image to countless women of idealized romance, and probably to many men, although men are somewhat reluctant to admit such things. In his peculiar sphere, there is no one else like him in the world today; he is strictly and exclusively in a class by himself. And if this isn't greatness then what is?

Moreover, he was the possessor, we realized, upon intimate contact, of a subtle charm that made his screen popularity quite bona fide. Curiously, he made us think, more than anything else, of Jackie Coogan. They have a bond in common, this child and man—a fineness of spirit, a sweet and gentle something—that makes meeting them both a delightful experience.

WE DON'T want to seem to exaggerate, but we can't help admitting that we fell very hard for Jackie about six months ago when he visited this office and sat upon our knee, and we fell equally hard for Valentino when he came here and sat with us for more than a day and we had revealed all the qualities that without doubt have accounted for his spectacular rise on the screen.

Valentino looks, if we may say so, like the picture on page 3, although this may be merely a personal preference. He is incredibly immaculate in his appearance, from his glossy black hair to his very shoes, and he greets you with an open, frank cordiality which one finds easy to believe is genuine.

We set about editing the book together, which consisted to a considerable extent of his writing the editorial opinions that appear in boxes on each page. He writes amazingly well—indeed, precisely as you see it here, and when we remarked about this, he bared his fine teeth in a boyish smile and asked: "Will you give me a job?"

VALENTINO—The Most Personality in the World Today

"Modesty, strange as it may seem, prompts me to decline to make any comments. Please draw your own conclusions, but don't take for granted all the nice qualities that Mr. Balch has attributed to me. I only wish I really were what he thinks I am."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

While we worked with him, during the four days that he came in to see us, we came to know him a little, under the peculiarly trying conditions of toil, and we thought we understood at the end how easy it would be to get him to do exactly as you wished or how adamant he might prove if you abruptly opposed his will. We think one might lead him anywhere, but drive him—never!

Rudy and *Mrs. Valentino* at home in their *New York* apartment.

WE MENTIONED his fight with Famous Players and remarked with admiration how much courage it must have required to take such a stand. He shook his head simply and replied doggedly: "Oh, it had to be." We knew that back of that speech lay a determination that was like granite. By Jove, the actors ought to be strong for Valentino, too. He's doing their fighting for them.

"Is it true," we asked him, with an apologetic foreword, as we discussed his early career, "that you were once a waiter?"

He smiled gravely.

"No," he answered, "it is not true. But at the time, I might have wished it were. I landed here on the 23rd of December, 1913, with only a few dollars in my pocket, unable to speak English and knowing no one.

"Two days before "Christmas!" we interjected with feeling.

"Yes," he answered with an ironical smile of understanding. "I'll never forget that New Year's Eve. I walked down Broadway to the Metropolitan Opera House. All about me were countless people. But, in spite of all those human beings, I never felt so desolately alone in my life. It was a loneliness far greater than that of solitude. I went back to my lodging house and cried myself to sleep."

He smiled again.

"I wish I could have found work as a waiter," he went on ruefully. "But I couldn't find any work at all. I slept in in Central Park and in cheap lodging houses, until finally I learned a little of the language and taught myself to dance. This gave me the employment that I so desperately needed."

It was an amazing confession. Here, opposite us, was the most romantic personality in the world, a man over whom women, when he appeared, went mad, clawing their way through crowds, his wife had told us, to embrace him, to kiss him . . .

"Well," we continued, "so you finally got into pictures."

He nodded.

"But even that was no bed of roses," he added, with a wry smile. "I was an extra first and then—" and he smiled once more—" a villain. My real opportunity came with "The Four Horsemen."

"You certainly made the most of it,' we murmured. We mentioned the matter of the clawing women that Mrs. Valentino had told us about and asked him how he accounted for it, what explanation lay back of it.

HE LIGHTED a cigarette and looked at us quietly with a subdued contemplative air that is characteristic of him. Then he spoke.

"There is so little romance in life today," he explained, "that the average person is starved for it. In what you mention, it is not I that these women are interested in, but the thing that I represent or suggest. If I may say so, to the young girl I might be her Prince Charming; to the older girl, her—lover; and to the mother, her son. It never is I in which these women that you mentioned are interested but the image of romance that I represent."

(*Continued on page* 30)

A pose of *Valentino* from *"Blood and Sand"* that is familiar to his countless admirers.

KILLING A WILD CAT IN THE ARIZONA MOUNTAINS

By RICHARD DIX

Screen star writes personal narrative of *hunting trip into the Tonto Basin* where recent movie was made

Richard Dix shows *Lois Wilson* the game he bagged on his hunting trip into the Tonto Basin.

"I wonder if Dick, upon his return from hunting grizzlies, will decorate his dressing room with their heads and skins—like the famous Gothic chapel of C. B. DeMille. Sorry, 'Dick,' that I couldn't include myself in the party."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

MY RECENT trip into the Tonto Basin was primarily to play in a motion picture of Zane Grey's called, "To the Last Man." The Tonto Basin in Arizona is said to be the least civilized spot in the United States. Entry is gained to this wilderness from Phoenix, Arizona, the nearest railway station, which is 200 miles from the heart of the Tonto Valley.

The grassy rolling country of the basin is sparsely timbered and is bounded on the south by rugged mountains and on the north by "The Rim," a bluff rising 2000 feet sheer above the valley. Its heavily timbered ridges and canyons are the haunt of bear, lynx, deer and wild turkey, and an occasional glimpse of the latter, as we rode up the rocky trails into location, so impressed me that I determined to spend my first leisure day away from the camera in pursuit of game.

So, a short while later, on a day that was too cloudy to "shoot" pictures we set out in search of bear. Babe Haught, who was bred in the Arizona hills, was our guide. He took with him his pack of six dogs. Mountaineers of Arizona pride themselves upon their dogs. They love them as Kentuckians love their horses. And "Rock," a rangy, spotted creature who was a cross between a bloodhound and a setter, led the pack.

We rode mountain ponies, Babe Haught leading the way through the mountain defiles. He was a lean-faced cattleman with high cheek bones, a slouching walk and a slowness of speech in grotesque contrast to his quick action when in the vicinity of big game.

Rock, he proudly told me, had earned for him $6.500 in bounties on obnoxious wild animals which he had killed in the past five years. Every time the bushes rustled, I brought my rifle quickly into position for a shot; and when the dogs bayed, I felt a quickening of the pulses, which made me wonder whether my hands would be steady enough to shoot should a bear really appear. Judging by the commotion made by the dogs, the woods must have been full of bears.

Once when we had dismounted, I fired my pistol at a tree for practice. The dogs came tumbling back towards me, whining eagerly. Even old Rock was interested. He put his head close to mine and looked in the direction my pistol was pointing. Then he looked into my face. Evidently he caught the hint of a smile for he dropped again on all fours and almost seemed to shrug his shoulders in contempt as he marched stiffly away.

The younger dogs periodically lost themselves in the heavy timber. On these ocasions Babe would shout "houns'!" at the top of his voice, whereupon the dogs would cut back towards our trail, pick it up and joyously join the party again. Old Rock never got lost.

"Maybe we might git a cat if we cut back down this trail towards home," said the mountaineer, a gentle hint that it was time to return to camp.

As we talked old Rock lifted his head to sniff. For a moment he stood poised like a setter. Then, with a yelp of pleasure away he went, and other dogs dropped the trails they were following to join in the general pursuit.

"The Varmit's gone down into the canyon." Haught drawled slowly. "We'd best wait til the houn's drives him back."

I WAS suddenly aware that my gun was still in its holster, slung under the stirrup strap. Things had happened so quickly. I felt as if I had just awakened from a sound sleep. Looking across the gulch, I saw something moving slowly between the trees. It was a big brown bear. Excited beyond measure, I whispered my discovery to my companion.

"Yis, I seen him fer some time," was his answer.

As the bear came into an open space, Babe brought his rifle quickly to his shoulder and fired. The bear stumbled, turned angrily and made a swipe into the empty air. Then it sniffed for 30 breathless seconds, turned about and ambled off.

"We'd best try and head him off," said my guide slowly.

He spun his horse around at the same time and lowering his head dashed off through the heavy timber. The contrast of his slow speech and quick actions made me laugh, even while my hands trembled with the fever of bear hunting.

I was stiff from hard riding of the past week but determined not to be outdone by my friend, Babe. Boulders four feet high seemed to thrust themselves in front of my horse. Branches reached down to drag me from my mount. My legs scraped painfully against the sides of trees and rocks, I caught occasional glimpses of Babe Haught's back as he crouched in his saddle, his

(*Continued on page 29*)

Why Women Leave Home

by Aileen PRINGLE

"I earnestly believe that every woman should have the right to choose the career for which she feels best suited, but most women, before undertaking it, should be positive as to what they wish to accomplish, lest their predilections place them in the wrong channels."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

Popular screen star who left luxury for a career in the movies tells why *an outside interest is necessary* to a woman's life

An interview with Grace Kingsley

IF MY husband had once said to me, 'I understand how you reel about wanting to be an actress. Come, I will help you all I can,' I should have given up in a minute to his wishes that I remain at home. I shouldn't be sitting here in the Goldwyn studio this minute, but should probably be attending a polo game or serving tea on my front verandah in Jamaica!

"But he didn't. His attitude was: Poor little frivolous thing! You'll get over these odd fancies in time!

"And so I am here, with a nice contract in my hand, and my husband many miles away from me, wondering and amazed, no doubt, that I could possibly want anything besides seventeen servants and two establishments—and his own charming self!

"He is charming,—I've got to admit that! A wonderfully charming husband,—so charming that he didn't feel he had to be understanding."

Aileen Pringle's firm chin grew just a bit more resolute, for all the flash of a moment's wistfulness in her fascinating green eyes. Miss Pringle, the new Goldwyn star, is half English and half French, and the French mother acounts for the tasteful but quiet distinction of her dark clothes and for the smart little turban that adorns her black hair.

"Also it accounts for my being impulsive," smiled Miss Pringle. "It is so convenient to follow one's ancestors—and then blame things on them!"

"Are you impulsive?" I said. "I should never have thought it! But please do tell me about that charming husband of yours, Charles Pringle, son of Sir John Pringle, and all the lovely family preiudices to the stage. I think it's perfectly thrilling!"

"I hadn't thought of it that way!" Miss Pringle speaks in the English staccato manner, for though she was born in San Francisco, she received most of her education in England. She has the rapid way of thinking and speaking that belongs to her dynamic personality, and which you either follow or you don't, and whether you do follow her or not seems rather a matter of indifference to her.

Women who give up lives of luxury for stage experiences are not so numerous that we have ceased being interested. Miss Pringle, as the wife of a wealthy Jamaica planter, had everything her heart could desire—except work!

"And to me the struggle is life!" she explained, as we strolled along at Goldwyn studios, treading the lawn and making for a stone seat under a fig tree, where we could comfortably commune.

When women leave homes of luxury to court the hard life of the actress there is usually something pathetic behind it. Some women tell their troubles to the world. Some hide them bravely, and say merely that they felt "the urge."

(Continued on page 27)

"A woman should think deeply and carefully," said *Miss Pringle*, "before she gives up the certainty of home for the uncertainty of a career."

How I Play A Love Scene

by Rudolph VALENTINO

Screen star reveals method by which he succeeds in *creating the illusion of passionate love* before the camera

An interview with Alma M. Talley

"When I have just finished playing a love scene," said Mr. Valentino, "I find that it has used me up emotionally."

"Feeling and not acting is what lifts a love scene from commonplace to the realms of realism and romance."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

HOW *does* he do it?

When Valentino casts those amorous glances into the upturned eyes of the leading lady and makes all the fan hearts flutter, do you ever wonder how he does it? How, as the saying goes, he gets that way?

We thought you might want to know—we *knew* we did—so we asked him.

Mr. Valentino was sitting in the editorial office of Movie Weekly editing this issue when we interrupted him to ask the fateful question. He wore a gray suit, and gray clocked socks to match, a platinum chain on one wrist—a Latin custom—and a wrist watch on the other. Yes, fans, he has the slight scar on his cheek that so many questions are asked about, though we hadn't the nerve to ask him how he got it— even to please Our Public. He speaks with only a slight accent, in the impeccable English well-bred foreigners always use because they learn the language correctly. There! We're all out of breath answering your questions.

"There's a momentous question the fans would like to have answered," we began timidly, approaching the Great Presence. "When you play those hectic love scenes, how do you do it?"

"How do I do it?" he echoed. "Why, the character I am playing does it—it is not myself at all."

We were a little crestfallen. Here we had been all agog to acquire a little technique to use on the other sex.

"Explain," we insisted.

"I am always embarrassed when I am asked how I play a love scene," he remarked, though he didn't look embarrassed. "All I can say is that from the start of the picture I disassociate myself from the character I am to portray and live and love as I imagine he would. While I am making a picture, I cease to be Valentino and become the character I am playing, until the picture is finished."

"Even at night?"

"Yes, all the time. I always prepare to play a role by first reading the book from which the scenario was adapted. Just reading the script isn't enough. One needs to get more thoroughly acquainted with the character, to see and feel him as the author feels him. Before making 'Blood and Sand,' I read the book in Spanish—so much of the spirit of a book is lost in translation—and as I read I identified myself with Gallardo. So that by the time we began work on the picture I felt thoroughly in the character of Gallardo. I found myself constantly using his gestures and mannerisms, even after I left the studio at night."

"But isn't that rather a nervous strain?" we suggested. "Most persons relax completely at night and forget their work—at least they should."

"Creative work is not like that," he reminded us. "If you were writing a novel, would it ever be out of your mind for long? No, you would be planning it, living it, until the novel was finished.

"It is so with a character I portray in a picture. And when the love scene comes along, it is the character who plays it. I think, as in 'Blood and Sand'—'I am Gallardo, and I love Dona Sol': in projecting myself into another personality I can feel his love for this woman."

"But doesn't the love scene thrill you?" we ventured. If it doesn't thrill Valentino himself, he's the only one immune!

"Gallardo was thrilled, but not Valentino. If Gallardo were not thrilled, the scene could not be sincere. It would not seem real to those who watched."

"But suppose," we inquired, "the leading lady with whom Gallardo—or whoever the character is—was in love was not attractive to Rudolph Valentino. If you personally did not

(Continued on page 30)

Rudolph Valentino making ardent love to *Nita Naldi* in *"Blood and Sand."* Observe *his technique*, Boys!

IS A SCREEN STAR'S WIFE JEALOUS of HER HUSBAND? by Mrs. Rudolph VALENTINO

Charming wife of famous movie idol tells *what it means to be married* to a man about whom countless other women rave

An interview with Regina Cannon

"Knowing Mrs. Valentino, I would say, 'NO!' But then I don't want to spoil your pleasure nor influence your opinion. Read on and let your conscience be your guide."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

The *Valentinos* are an ideally happy couple. Before her marriage she was an art director, he an actor. Now they are just husband and wife.

THE other day when Rudolph Valentino, than whom, there is no greater screen lover, came to the office to edit this issue of Movie Weekly, he was accompanied by his wife.

Mrs. Valentino, as all good fans who know their film favorites "by heart" have learned, was, before her marriage, Natacha Rambova, famous danseuse of the Russian Ballet. But even before Rambova knew that such a thing as an *arabesque* existed, she was just plain Winifred Hudnut of New York and Newport, or Freeport or, some other port where she weathered her summers hitherto.

Please note, gentle reader, that we do not go on record as saying Mrs. Valentino is plain-appearing. Far be it from such! For the wife of the most popular movie star in America, is tall and svelte and exotic-looking. She has an olive skin, blue-black hair, and the Oriental-est-looking eyes we've ever seen. She captivated us completely and since imitation is the sincerest form of flattery—we're doing our best! Having nearly the approved skin and hair, all we have to do is concentrate on the proper slant to our eyes.

We invited Mrs. Valentino to accompany us to the Conference Room, where, all unknown to her, we had an interview. We wanted so much to find out how she felt toward her husband's adoring public, especially the love-lorn ladies, and thought that Mrs. Valentino would not be likely to talk freely if she knew she was being interviewed.

"Mrs. Valentino," we asked casually, "how does it feel to be a screen star's wife?"

"Just fine," returned our visitor gayly, "when the screen star is Rudolph Valentino."

"Oh," from us. "Well, er, aren't you ever a little bit jealous of the attention Mr. Valentino receives from women and girl admirers?"

For, fans, say what you will, as sure as George Washington was the father of this country and Mary Pickford is its sweethheart, Rudolph Valentino is its lover.

"Why, of course I'm not jealous," replied Mrs. Valentino, a little puzzled. "You see, I don't regard the public's admiration of my husband as anything *personal*, if you get what I mean. The girls are fascinated by Rudolph Valentino the actor, not by Rudolph Valentino the man. They are enamoured, if we may call it that, with the character he portrays—not the character he is. Maybe the fans do not stop to to realize this, but it is true nevertheless.

"Besides, I am so truly grateful to the public for showing such unstinted appreciation of Rudy's efforts, that I don't have a minute to even think about being jealous."

"I don't regard the public's admiration of my husband as anything personal," said *Mrs. Valentino.*

MRS. VALENTINO clasped her slim hands together with an air of finality—of dismissing the idea of jealousy as unworthy of consideration. And doubtless in her case it is, for we didn't fail to observe the devotion in Rudy's eyes when she is near and the attention and consideration he gives to her suggestions.

"You know," we observed, "Mr. Valentino holds a unique position in being the greatest lover in the film world. No one else is even a close second to him."

"The funny part of it is," laughed Mrs. Valentino, "no director would ever cast Rudy for anything but a villain. When he started to work in pictures, he played extra parts, small bits and villains—with much strong emphasis on the villains. Oh, how he hated to do them. You know,

(*Continued on page* 29)

Jackie COOGAN'S "Circus to Childhood's

Infant star irresistible in latest picture—"Rupert of Hentzau," "*Children of Jazz*" and "*Itching Palms*" among other features of the week reviewed

By Ruth Mabrey

"CIRCUS DAYS"

"Toby Tyler" on the Screen

Jackie Coogan, as usual, is sheer delight to watch in this adaptation of James Otis' famous circus story. The film production has been made in a most finished fashion.

It is the story of a youngster who lives with his mother at the home of his aunt and uncle. They are sort of "charity boarders," who are called upon to do all the work of the household and are treated most abusively. To escape a whipping, Toby runs away and gets a job with the lemonade man at the circus at a dollar a week. All the time he is working and saving his salary to get his mother away from her miserable home, and his chance comes when, to help out his little friend, the bareback rider, who has sprained her ankle, he "goes on" in her place and becomes the hit of the show.

For rare and delightful humor this is one of the deftest comedies produced in some time. Jackie's sense of humor is as subtle and charming as his feeling for pathos, and his appearance in the ring as a bareback rider when he has never ridden a horse before is deliciously absurd. And there are the moments of pathos that Jackie does so well and which his fans look for in all of his pictures.

Barbara Tennant plays Jackie's mother with fine understanding and Russell Simpson as the villain is very good. Peaches Jackson and Cesare Gravini, his circus friends, are well-known to movie fans for their excellent work. The cast also includes Claire McDowell, Sam De Grasse, DeWitt Jennings and the fattest woman and skinniest man in the world—Nellie Lane and William Barlow.

The story is a sort of double treat, in that it not only presents an entertaining story, but gives the fan an opportunity to see a real circus as well. The thrill is provided when one of the circus wagons en route from one town to another is struck by lightning and a runaway results. Eddie Cline directed the picture, and it is one of Jackie's best.

Jackie Coogan, as Toby Tyler, finds great delight in the antics of the circus clown.

> *"Having been on a tour of one-night stands throughout the United States for the past four months, I have not seen any of the latest pictures. Therefore, I feel unable to make any comment on those reviewed here."*
>
> RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

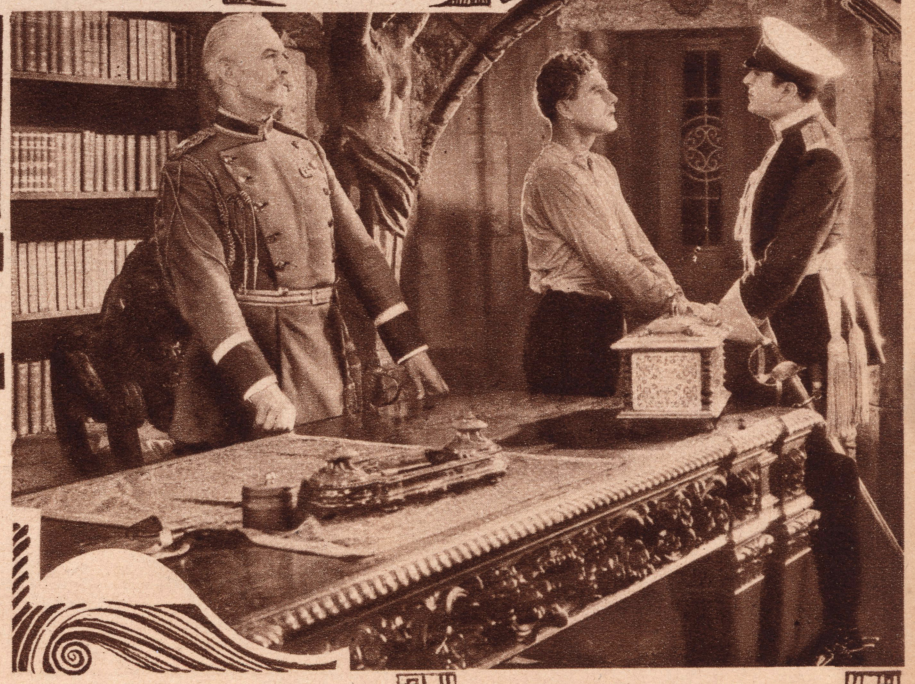
"RUPERT OF HENTZAU"

Another "Mythical Kingdom" Story Screened

As "Rupert of Hentzau" is the sequel to "The Prisoner of Zenda," it is natural that the two pictures should be compared. The same set of characters, of course, are introduced, and the plot development is also similar, inasmuch as they are both stories of court intrigue and romance.

"Rupert of Hentzau" is lavishly produced and directed by Victor Heerman; the settings leave nothing to be desired and the story is well told, though it is too long and could be improved by a little judicious cutting.

The tale, as all of Anthony Hope's readers know, concerns the Princess Flavia, the wife of a dissolute monarch, whose letter to her lover is intercepted by the villainous Rudolph, who uses it in an attempt to establish himself on the throne. A striking resemblance between the King and Princess Flavia's lover enables the latter to assume the throne when the King is murdered by Rudolph, without the public's being aware



Irving Cummings extends his best wishes to Bert Lytell in "Rupert of Hentzau."

Days" will carry you back Happy Hours

of the change. The queen and her loyal suite are fearful lest Rudolph use the letter as a means of exposing the hoax, but the villain is neatly disposed of by a duel with the hero.

Elaine Hammerstein is very ornamental as the queen, but does very little else. She is, of course, strikingly handsome and a joy to look at. Hobart Bosworth as the pompous Teuton, Colonel Sapt, carried off the acting honors. Bryant Washburn was also pleasing as Count Von Tarlenheim. But as a whole, the picture was not nearly so well cast as its predecessor, "The Prisoner of Zenda." In the first place, Bert Lytell, though a charming and popular actor, who works hard in his duel role of the dissolute king and the dashing hero, is altogether unsuited to the part. He does not look like a king, whatever else may be said for him, and as the debonair masquerader of royalty, his personality falls short of what is required of him. This is not by way of disparaging Mr. Lytell's work; he did all that could be done under the circumstances.

Robert Cain in *"Children of Jazz"* is the third suitor to propose to *Eileen Percy* by pulling the ring out of his pocket!

The blame lies entirely with the casting director. And, too, the spectator is bound to compare Mr. Lytell in the role with Lewis Stone in a similar role in "The Prisoner of Zenda," and the comparison favors Mr. Stone. Also Lew Cody is less successful as the villainous Rupert than Ramon Novarro was, in the earlier picture. It was Ramon's work in "The Prisoner of Zenda," by the way, which brought about his sudden rise to fame and popularity.

However, in spite of the miscasting, and the excessive length of the picture, it succeeds in holding the spectator's interest throughout. The court intrigues are especially well presented, and, though the suspense which characterized the Rex Ingram picture is less in evidence here, on the whole, it is a smashing production and far, far superior to the usual movie.

"CHILDREN OF JAZZ"

Theodore Kosloff Turns Hero

Just as "The Sheik" started a sort of mania for desert pictures, so "Nice People" inaugurated an epidemic of flapper and jazz stories. "Children of Jazz," as its title indicates, is one of the latter family.

However, it displays more originality than most of its sister pictures: in fact, the author's imagination nearly ran away with itself.

Several children of jazz take a drunken airplane tour which lands them, in a storm, on an island inhabited by a wealthy old man who lives in the fashion of a hundred years ago—that being one of his eccentricities. What *would* movies do for plots if there were no eccentricities to blame absurdities on?

Of course there is opportunity for an interesting contrast between the modern, smoking flappers and "cake-eaters" and the old-fashioned household who dwell on the island. And the plot complications are intriguing, even if they are highly fictional. The story opens with the return of an explorer to claim his sweetheart, who promised to wait for him. But he suffers a great disillusionment when he learns that she is also engaged to several other men, whereupon he assures her she is not worth fighting for. As he had failed to write her during the whole year he was gone, it was just a little presumptious of him to expect her to wait.

However, he sails away in disgust, and lands in a storm on his father's island in mid-ocean. There follow the drunken airplane party who land, because of the storm, also—could you believe it?—on the same little island. Here he keeps them more or less prisoners and, makes everybody work, proceeding apparently on the theory that unless a woman can cook she can't amount to much. So, of course, he makes a real true womanly woman of the heroine who had jilted him.

For a swashbuckling role, there is nobody who can swashbuckle better than Theodore Kosloff, and he is perfectly delightful in the part. His many admirers who object to his being always cast as the villain, will have their inning when they watch him bossing a whole household of people.

Eileen Percy is lovely as the heroine; she looks better than ever before in her career. The second male lead is played by Ricardo Cortez, as the unsuccessful suitor; he is sure to gain a flapper following. In fact, he is made so sympathetic that one is sorry to see his wooing unsuccessful. It is said that

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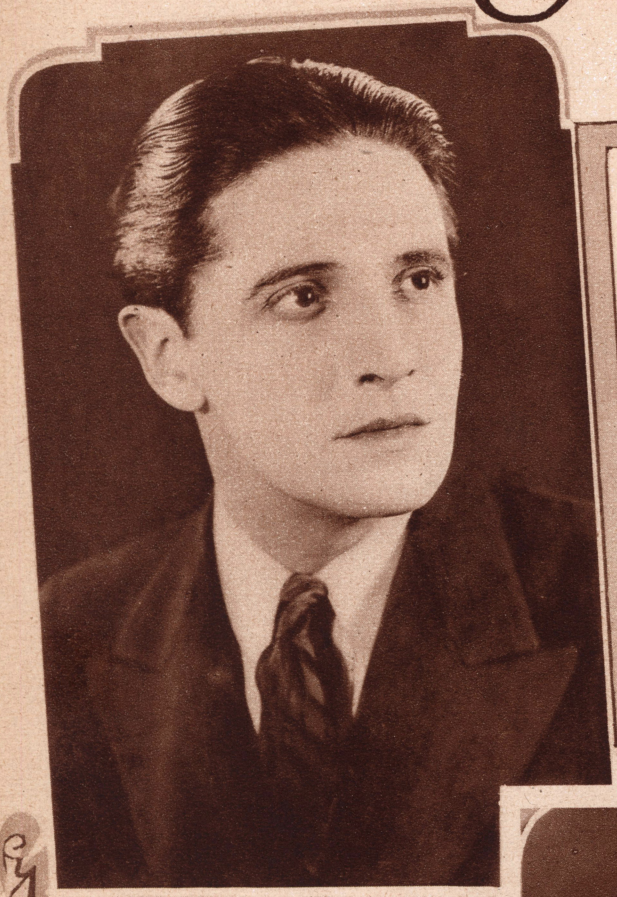
Virginia Fox is startled in *"Itching Palms"* when she wakes to find the villain leaning over her.

KENNETH HARLAN
appearing in
"The Broken Wing"

MABEL BALLIN
appearing in
"Vanity Fair"

VALENTINO Selects MORENO to Play "BEN HUR"

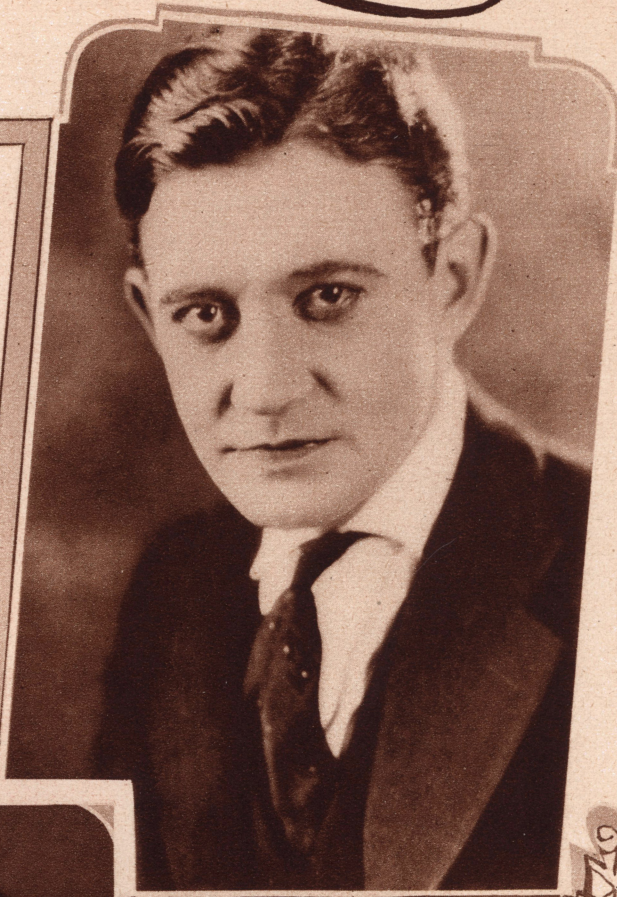
Rudy Chooses Tony For Famous Role



Ivor Novello, hero of *"The White Rose,"* has been cited as a possibility for *"Ben Hur."* But most lovers of the book would find him too slight in build for the role.

"Not in the capacity of a temporary editor, but as a motion picture fan, I believe Tony Moreno to be the only logical choice for the role of Ben Hur. He has great acting ability, splendid physique and great artistic temperament, and I sincerely hope to see him as Ben Hur. Buena fortuno, Antonio!"

RUDOLPH VALENTINO.



Richard Dix, another possibility, might be considered too blond and *Anglo-Saxon* for the part.

Joseph Schildkraut, the *Latin,* in type, is slim and poetic looking and not at all of the proportions for an ideal *"Ben Hur."*

Antonio Moreno is *Mr. Valentino's* choice. His Latin appearance, combined with his well set-up, athletic physique, make him an excellent choice.

Ramon Novarro is too small of stature, too boyish, to be altogether satisfactory in the title role of *"Ben Hur."*

Why VALENTINO is so attractive to WOMEN

by Vincent De Sola

"The truth is out! Do not judge me too harshly."
RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

Explanation of Rudolph's *popularity lies in his eyes and face,* according to character expert

By Vincent de Sola

CHARACTER READING: *The outstanding characteristic of these features is their sex appeal. But the face is, however, far from an emotional one. It is, on the contrary, calm, perfectly balanced, with a shrewd knowledge of human nature, great stoicism, and instinctive wisdom. There is a secret humor present, great reserve, suspicion, and a spirit of underlying modesty.*

***"Valentino's face,"** says **Professor de Sola,** "is obviously a face of strong sex appeal."*

RUDOLPH VALENTINO has been and is the enigma of filmdom. His meteoric rise seems to have been followed by a refusal to follow with the usual fall.

Although Valentino's success has been due in some sense to the fact that his "foreign-ness" came as a pleasant surprise after a surfeit of native types in stories unrelieved by distinction, he has nevertheless qualities which would bring him theater popularity at any time or period. It is a wonder to me that the experts who conduct screen tests did not perceive this from the very outset.

Valentino's face is obviously a face of marked appeal. The curve of his lips suggests great magnetism, and the eyes lurking under the eyelids have the look of a great romancer. These physical characteristics enable him to represent to perfection the parts he has been given to play: that of a great lover with a touch of something sardonic and ruthless in him.

Yet the truth is that the face is not an emotional one. You will look far before you find a set of features in more perfect balance from the physiognomical standpoint. In the level stare, the clear line of the brows and the even contours of jaw, chin and lips, is revealed the fact of his exceeding calmness. This is a man who could "keep his head" as the saying is, in any given set of circumstances. In this faculty Valentino is actually a little cold. The eyes show a knowlege of human nature, a keen guess as to motives that is the heritage of his race rather than an individual gift.

The lips declare a great measure of stoicism. No matter what his fate, the man with such a mouth can take defeat and disaster without a whimper, without being broken. This is not the optimist's gift, but the quality belonging peculiarly to those who have a great bulwark of reserve strength.

All the features indicate a sense of reserve amounting almost to secrecy. There is very little that is frank or outspoken in the face. For instance, the curve of the lips, and the nostrils show a deep fund of humor which is nevertheless rigidly concealed. That humor is largely an ironic one, and the portraits of Valentino are all alike in their seriousness. Were he to smile, nothing comparable to Fairbanks' smile would be revealed, but rather a keen sense of satiric. The smile would not be even but slightly twisted.

In spite of his great success Valentino may not be said to be spoiled. He has imagination, and the ability to look beyond the immediate horizon. He knows his own abilities and his own limitations better than anyone else. And his face is by no means a conceited one. Its features show self-assurance, but a suspicious knowedge of possible hostility. He is in this sense a modest man.

The face has little developed cleverness or concentrative mentality. But it is full of racial cleverness. Valentino could never make a mistake about a man—or a woman. He has a sense of values, knowing in advance like an orator, just what result certain effects will produce.

His most frequent portrayal and his most popular is one which accents inscrutability. In "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" in which he was so outstanding and dominant a personality, in "The Sheik," in "Blood and Sand" he duplicates the same studied gestures which produce this element of mystery. Now people who "give away their secret" to anybody seldom hold the interest long. It is only by reserve and privacy that any personality can hope to enchant the public for a long period. Valentino seems to be aware of this psychology. In spite of all his writings, manifestos, and publicity campaigns, he has been careful not to make himself clear. He is still an uncertain figure and therefore still interesting.

The secret behind that reserve is not a strange one. It is perhaps merely a knowledge of psychology as I have indicated, a realization that an attitude of secrecy is as good as a secret.

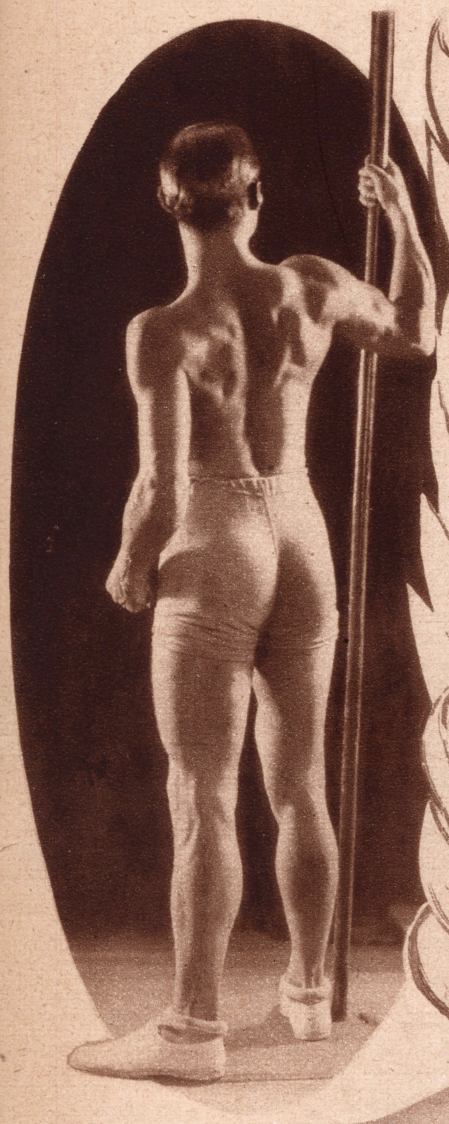
The face is highly ambitious, and is not lacking in practicality. It is not thoughtful or reflective like Charlie Chaplin's, or full of spon-

(*Continued on page* 29)

How Valentino Obtained His Marvelous Physique

Screen star's physique declared by experts to constitute *perfect specimen of physical manhood*—Learn how Rudy got that way

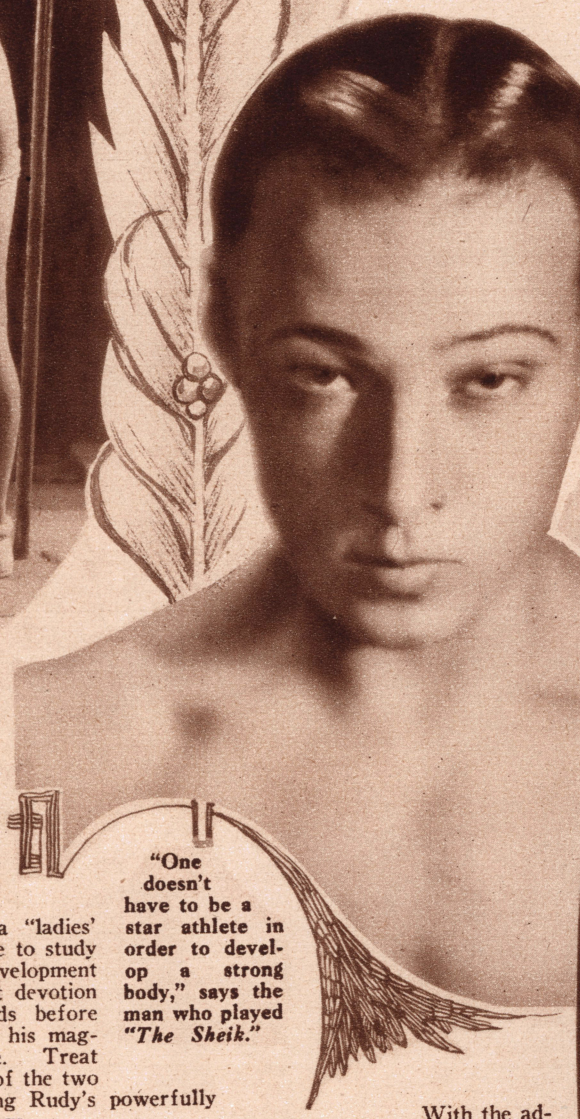
By Thomas Tarrington



A close-up of *Valentino's* back. Note the rippling layers of muscles that denote the trained athlete.

"Screen success is due not only to mental and histrionic qualities, but to physical culture and development. These are equally as important as the former."

RUDOLPH VALENTINO



"One doesn't have to be a star athlete in order to develop a strong body," says the man who played *"The Sheik."*

PICTURES, like actions, always speak louder and more convincingly than words. That is why I want the fans who may have formed the opinion that Rudolph Valentino is a "ladies' man" and a "cake-eater" type to study the remarkable physical development he has achieved by consistent devotion to physical culture standards before telling just how he built up his magnificently muscled physique. Treat yourself to an ample eyeful of the two pictures on this page showing Rudy's powerfully shoulders, arms, torso and legs.

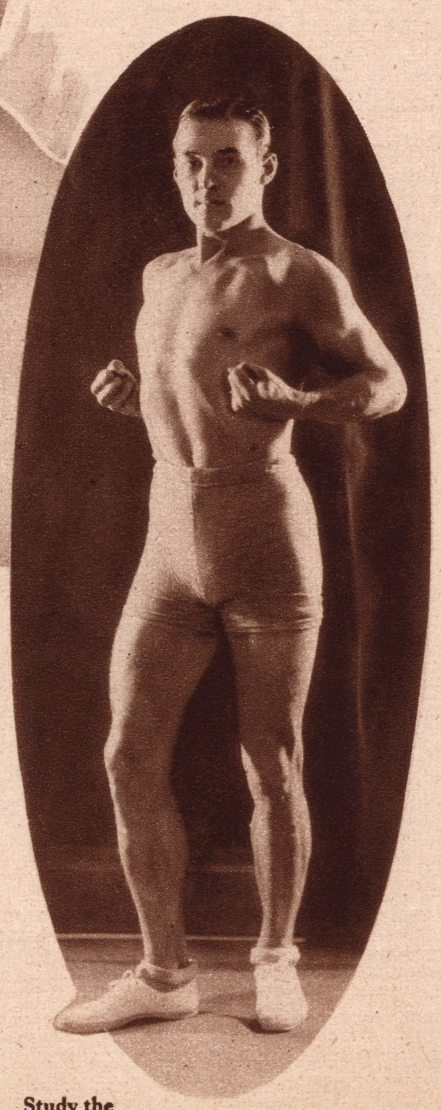
And, remember while you are counting the ripples of muscle and the steely sinews that they are not press-agent pictures. In other words these photos are not the result of artful photographic trickery. Lights and shadows, or posing, could never turn out a physical specimen like the real Valentino. Bernarr Macfadden, physical culture leader and expert judge of bodily development supervised the actual taking of these pictures. And he vouches for the fact that they represent Valentino just as he is physically. Personally I have yet to meet a man in the world of pictures or sport who I think possesses a more perfect bodily development than Rudy.

Now to tell you how he gets this way!

Twenty-six years ago Valentino was born in the sunny land of Italy. He tells me that he inherited a love for the outdoors and for sports from the men in his family who were all army officers. The open air was his playground as soon as he was big enough to assert a choice in the matter of playing as growing boys will play. Climbing was the first activity that started the process of developing his boyish muscles.

With the advent of school days he began the building of a solid physical foundation when it counted most,—in the early formative years when human nature is very receptive to environment and living conditions. As a cadet in a military school he went in strongly for athlatics. His rugged constitution fitted him to do this.

Valentino frankly admits he never became a stellar athlete. He says no one ever pinned any medals on him for individual athletic victories. "But that is not the point," declares the man who played "The Sheik." "One doesn't have to be a star athlete in order to develop a strong body and plenty of vitality. I went in for sports in general and found all my muscles were wonderfully benefited.



Study the muscular development of *Valentino's* legs. He got it riding a bicycle and swimming.

HIS favorite sport while at military school was horse-back riding. Soccer football, bicycle riding, swimming and rowing also took up a great deal of his recreation time. The result of his early love for sports and physical training soon showed itself in his own home. His brother, two years his senior, was never a match for Rudy after he entered military school.

Wrestling was a pleasurable pastime with the picture star and at the age of fourteen his instructors considered him very proficient in the art of Graeco-Roman mat work. Rudy became a very good swimmer while a student and he still keeps up his prowess in the water. The crawl stroke remains his favorite today and the fact that he still uses this stroke is responsible to some extent for the powerful shoulder development that is apparent from a study of his pictures, also for the slim trimness of his waist and hips.

Now we have come

(*Continued on page 27*)

If Marriages in the MOVIES were shuffled about— What Then?

Imagine the consequences *if so and so were married to* what you may call 'em—A few practical examples

By Grace Greenwood

IF THERE were a new shuffle and deal of matrimonial partners in Filmland, what would happen?.

Supposing Mary Pickford had married Charlie Chaplin? Or that Pola Negri had wed Charlie Ray? Or that Pauline Frederick—oh, well, we haven't time to quote the City Directory. But it is safe to say that if Charlie had married Mary, he wouldn't have pulled any temperamental stuff around the house like getting excited because there was a bottle of ketchup on the table, as Mildred Harris told me he did with her. Mary is Irish, and she would have thought up some way to make Charlie sorry that he spoke! Mary is wonderfully sweet, but her eyes can flash on occasion, and they never flash but to some purpose! And there wouldn't have been any worry about Charlie's paying Mary's bills, because Mary always pays cash! If she doesn't have the cash, she doesn't have the article.

"It seems that many writers on the psychology of matrimony from Balzac down to the present date, take particular delight in making more difficult the status of "happy though married." Why put more If's when married life is controlled by If's?"
RUDOLPH VALENTINO.

And suppose *Pola Negri* had married *Charlie Ray?*

What would *Doug* have done wedded to the fascinating but temperamental *Theda?*

Just suppose that *Theda Bara* had married *Douglas Fairbanks?*

Many's the time in the old days that Mary wept for a new dress. And many's the time now she weeps for a new yacht or a new landscaped Italian garden. One is always hard up, as Jerome K. Jerome says—some for a shilling, some for a thousand pounds.

And if Mary had been married to Charlie, maybe she would never have made the mistake of making "Tess" again! "One 'Tess' in the family is enough," Charlie would have said. "Besides, Mary, the censors don't let you bring home little babies you can't explain any more! And, Mary, what's the use, anyhow, when you can't show approaching motherhood on the screen by making baby clothes? Your husband, of course, can show approaching fatherhood! He can bring home a little train of cars, and set it on the red tablecloth under the humble little lamp, but where's that going to raise your stock?"

When they disagreed, Mary would have said to Charlie: "Look here, Charlie, you can have your side of the house, and I'll have mine, when we don't agree, but we aren't going to get into trouble with our public by divorce or any such nonsense. Besides, you know we really do love each other, only we get on each other's nerves, seeing so much of each other."

AND if Charlie Ray had married Pola Negri—well, I don't believe Pola would have snapped her fingers in his face, as she did, we hear, with Count Domski, and left him the second day. Charlie would have shifted first to one foot and then to the other, and would have declared, after several minutes' thought, with sweet reasonableness:

"Now, Pola, you're a nice girl, and I'm dead in love with you. You are the greatest actress in the film world, and maybe in the whole world—I don't know, I haven't seen the French ones, except Bernhardt, and I tell you right now you make Bernhardt look like ten cents' worth of dog-meat! Just stick along, kid, and give us another chance! I mean well by you. You know very well you'll never have to do the family wash as long as you're married to me! The Count done wrong to my little Nell, else she would never have left him—but I appreciate you, Pola! Pola, come lay your head on the bosom of the man that buys you ice-cream and diamonds!"

(*Continued on page* 30)

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Other Folks Have Hard Luck, Too

The fourth instalment of this smashing serial, *"Perkins' Predicament,"* in which Perkins learns that he has not a corner on all of the misfortune in the world

By Lee Brown

The story so far:

Disillusioned with life, O. P. Perkins decides to end it all in the black waters of the East River. He is poised upon one of the girders that span Brooklyn Bridge, prepared to leap out into the darkness, when a voice hails him. A man is asking to borrow a match. Perkins pauses in his design and is at length induced by the stranger to postpone his suicide until the latter can arrange to have it done before a motion picture camera. Prkins is at last persuaded to accompany the stranger to the movie studio for which he is press agent. There, after he had commenced work, he suddenly came face to face with Norma Angel, the company's twenty-four carat vampire. He learned also that she was a vampire in real life, and he was warned against her. The reappearance of Marjorie, Perkins' old sweetheart, throws another wrench into the crank-pit of his destiny, and Perkins decides to take the press agent up on his new explanation scheme. Letters deluge Perkins as a result. His suicide, however, is scheduled for th following night.

IN all of these cases." continued Horace. "the persons involved seem desperately in need of a sort of aid that they would not likely get from any person on earth except one who no longer cared a whoop about his own life.

"I'm going to draw straws to see which one comes first, second, and so on. In case any one of them results in my death, I'll arrange for you to be notified—I'll carry papers that will identify me and request that you be promptly notified in case of accident. Also to reassure you every day, I'll telephone you. so that, if you don't hear from me, you'll know something's wrong."

"But Horace, you're not going to be allowed to print the day-to-day story of this expiriment in practical philanthropy, no matter how much you'd like to have the publicity. You'd queer the whole thing; and now," with a nod of dismissal, "I've got letters to write. And I don't want you to mention anything about my plans to anybody, understand?"

In the long argument that followed, Perkins won. No matter whose suggestion it was. he pointed out, it was his suicide and he didn't believe in referendum voting.

"Oh, Mr. Perkins, you will tell me what the queer undertakings are, won't you?"

It was Norma, the twenty-four carat vamp, up to her usual tricks again. Twenty-four people had been in the Ritz dining room when she and Perkins strolled in. Forty-eight pairs of eyes, including those of twenty-four waiters, had followed every move of her languid course from the entrance to the secluded little table in a window nook. Perkins raged inwardly at the woman's conceited pleasure in attracting so much attention. The head waiter, who knew Perkins as a result of several years of occasional patronage, almost ignored him in his obsequious deference to her. And now her effort to wheedle him into telling her what he had refused to tell Jackson further irritated him. She was instinctively of a prying disposition. he meditated; every moment he was coming to dislike this woman more and more.

"How did you know that I had decided upon these 'undertakings'?" he required. glancing sharply into her large deceptive, hazel-hued eyes. I warned Jackson that he wasn't to tell anybody about them."

"It took me four industrious minutes to make him tell," she smiled. and grimaced like a school girl at him, when his eyes were momentarily averted.

Her complacency further piqued his growing irritation. Confound such a woman! And what a wonder she might have been if—if she hadn't turned out to be such a vixen instead.

"Mr. Perkins," she spoke with such a serious expression clouding her pretty features that he couldn't help but marvel at her ability to make her entire attitude express whatever motion she wished to register. "I don't mind at all when other people misjudge me and

Uncle Alex* was just about as cheerful as he *looked.

think that I am always acting the parts they see me play on the screen. It's a sort of compliment, in a way, though it does grow tiresome. But honestly — please believe me — I don't want you to think me insincere in what I'm about to ask."

To draw her out he would pretend to agree to whatever she urged.

"What is it you wish to ask, Miss Angel?" he inquired.

"That you abandon this absurd idea Jackson has gotten you into," she said, leaning over the little table and looking straight into his eyes.

"I don't trust that man Jackson," she went on, with a degree of fevor.

"I wonder why?" wondered Perkins.

"He is likely to get you into some terrible scrape that it won't be easy to get out of," continued Norma Angel. "In fact if he was telling the truth this afternoon there's danger of your actually getting hurt in some of these affairs."

Perkins couldn't fathom the woman. He tried to turn their conversation to other subjects, but she kept coming back to the same one. During the course of the dinner he drew her out on the subject of herself as much as he could—he had an inordinate curiosity to discover at what age a vampire begins to find out she is a vampire, and in what respect she differs with other girls, and innumerable other things along the same general lines, but she only smiled indulgently at his questions, like an older sister being patient with a boy, and adroitly brought him back to discussing himself. In the end, as they were leaving for a theatre where she was to appear in person upon the first presentation of a new film in which she had starred, she achieved the miracle of making him promise he would eliminate one of the four adventures, and thus cut down the chances of sudden extermination by at least twenty-five per cent. Which, knowing better than she did that it made no difference, he promised with a grim smile at the corners of his lips. She in turn, imagined there would be plenty of chances to induce him to abandon the rest, one at a time.—Surely, he would not start on them any time soon.

AT one o'clock the next afternoon a strange party might have been seen violating the speed laws along the Merrick Road on Long Island. In the car, to which was attached a covered trailer, were four men; the chauffeur —a photographer, a bald headed man with bristling red mustache, and the imperturbable Perkins. The bald headed man had spent fifteen years in a barn with a queer device, the first working model of which now reposed under the tarpaulin on the trailer.

"Yes, I have every reason to suspect he works fine," the inventor was exclaiming in Hoboken English." It is uneasy, though, to get someone to try it out. You, Mr. Perkins. will make me famous. So, I give your heirs part of the royalties."

At a desolate point on Fire Island the four men loaded their strange device into a sailing vessel and put to sea. Two miles out and the apparatus was set up for action. Perkins crawled into it.

A crab-shaped contrivance it was, of steel. about ten feet across at the widest point of its curved back, and with two weird claws in front that, according to its inventor, could be operated from the inside. Under the middle were rubber-tired wheels operated by a heavy motor, which, in turn, was attached to the lower surface of the body. The motor also generated oxygen for the inner man to breathe.

The photographer took several pictures of Perkins "preparing to submerge,' 'winked at the chauffeur as they pushed the device over the edge of the boat, and drew out a pinochle deck.

Both chauffeur and photographer were engaged by the hour.

The inventor produced rod and reel from the boat's cabin and settled down for a quiet afternoon of fishing.

Two hours later the photographer pocketed the chauffeur's last dollar and yawned.

"Better start the grappling hooks," he observed. I've got a date with a classy jane in town and I don't want to be late."

"Oh, hesitate another hour," gloomed the inventor. "I hope my invention isn't much damaged—I've just thought up a new idea for it."

"Can you play pinochle?" the photographer hopefully asked. Just then something bumped heavily against the bottom of the boat, and out of the water by its side arose a steel talon tightly clutching a pail from which protruded

(*Continued on page 27*)

VALENTINO writes a Book of Poems

Screen star finds time in leisure moments *to compose volume of rare verse*–Many of the poems reveal author's innermost self

By Richard Wickstead

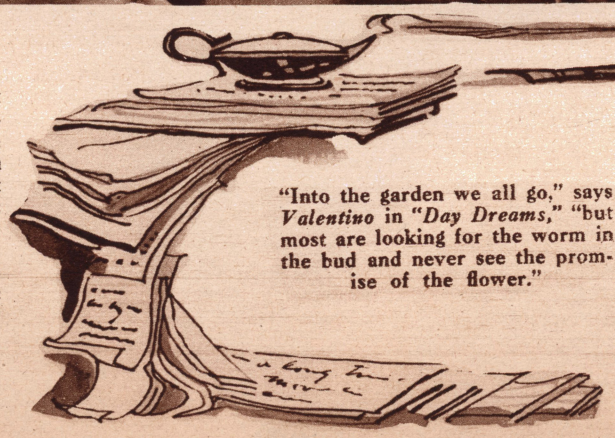
RUDOLPH VALENTINO, the well-known screen star, has written a book of poems!

And the poems, bound in orange-colored board covers with black trimmings, are just off the press. They consist of a varied assortment of verse that ranges from the ode and sonnet to the freer forms of versification, and they reveal their author in a new light, that of a man with an infinite capacity to appreciate and express the romantic beauty of life.

"Day Dreams,"[1] the title of the book, contains a collection of verse that is as light and colorful in some instances, as it is grave and philosophical in others. At all times, however, the note of Eros is present, revealing their author as essentially a person of romantic conceptions who is occupied invariably in his versification with the problem of man's relationship to woman, its sweetness and its light.

In this wise, "Day Dreams" is quite the sort of book that one would expect from a romantic personality such as Valentino's. Every page of it practically is indelibly stamped with the mark of his unique individuality that makes him the rare figure of romantic appeal to women that he is today.

FURTHERMORE, the poems demonstrate clearly that Valentino, the screen star—the gallant figure moving through a world of illusion in the movies, is no different than Valentino, the man himself. So true, indeed, is this of the poems, which, for the want of a better descriptive term, might be called love sonnets, that one has constantly in mind while reading them his screen impersonations of the past, which keep obtruding themselves between the reader and the printed page.



"Into the garden we all go," says *Valentino* in "*Day Dreams*," "but most are looking for the worm in the bud and never see the promise of the flower."

In a foreword to the volume, the author discloses his purpose in writing it. Dedicated to—"My Friends Here and There" — he first modestly stipulates that he is not a scholar and that the reader of his volume will find neither poems nor prose. Rather, as he puts it, there is just "a bit of romance, a bit of sentimentalism, a bit of philosophy . . . acquired by constant observations of that greatest of masters—Nature!

FURTHERMORE, in relating how he came to write the poems, he says: "While lying idle, not through choice, but because forcibly kept from my preferred and actual field of activity, I took to dreams to forget the tediousness of worldly strife and the boredom of jurisprudence's pedantic etiquette."

The titles themselves of the poems reveal something of their spirit and color. Such inspirations as "The Love Child," "Mirage," "Remembrance," "The Wanton," "Poverty" and "Three Generations of Kisses," disclose the scope of the volume and the fascinating character of the subjects versified.

Tenderness for all living things, pity for the weak, and a passionate rapture in the contemplation of a beloved woman are qualities most striking in the images he depicts. An example of the latter is disclosed in a poem called "You." The poem reads:

Your Eyes

Your Eyes,
Mystic pools
Of Beauteous Light.
Golden brown
In color
Deep,
Yet, amber clear.
Unshadowed
By a frown,
Fathomless.

(*Continued on page* 30)

WHISPERS FROM THE STUDIOS

by The FILM FLAPPER

Anita Stewart Returns to Hollywood

Just as soon as ever Anita Stewart attends to the matter of her divorce from Rudolph Cameron, and makes one picture, she is going to return from New York to California. She will make a number of her Cosmopolitan features in Hollywood.

Miss Stewart has a beautiful home in Hollywood, which is rented now, but she expects to live in it later.

"I always think I'm going to have a chance to live in my own home sometime," said Miss Stewart, "but every time I plan to move in, I have to go away, and when I come back the place is rented. But sometime before I'm old and the place is decayed, I'm sure I'm going to live there."

Ralph Graves Comes East

Still mourning the death of his wife, who gave birth to a little son last winter, and then passed away, Ralph Graves is to go east shortly to make a picture. He says he will be glad of a change of scene.

In the meantime, his mother came west to care for the child, and has taken the little one back to her home in Cleveland, Ohio.

Cupid and Gladys Walton

Gladys Walton is married again—this time to Henry Herbel, of New York, Universal salesman. The marriage was rather a surprise to Miss Walton's friends, as nobody knew she was engaged, and it was only a few weeks ago that she received her final decree of divorce from her former husband.

Mr. Herbel arrived in Los Angeles on June 26th, and Miss Walton was found working. If you just knew Universal, you would understand that efficiency is away ahead of romance, every time—except, of course, in their pictures. Poor Miss Walton had to work all day, though they had expected to be married as soon as Mr. Herbel arrived. Mr. Herbel rushed down to the Los Angeles marriage license bureau, and found a sympathetic lady in attendance, who promised to wait until Miss Walton should arrive in the evening after work. But she did get awfully weary before Miss Walton finally arrived, at about 7 p. m. And then it was another hour or so, after the license was secured, before the pair could find the minister they wanted.

"No suspense in any of Miss Walton's pictures was ever like this," declared the bridegroom.

But he really shouldn't kick. Miss Walton is well worth waiting for!

PUBLISHER ENTERTAINS SCREEN STAR

***Rudolph Valentino* is seen here with *Mr. Bernarr Macfadden*, the publisher of *Movie Weekly*, and his wife and children.**

APEDA.

To Whom It May Concern

For the benefit of those who have strongly criticized the fact that I allowed a Beauty Clay company to sponsor my transcontinental tour, I wish to have it clearly understood that such tour offered me the only means by which I was able to repay a large sum of debts to the people who were generous enough to give me help when my former employers had a noose around my neck in the form of a court injunction and were trying to starve me back to work. In my opinion it is far more honorable to work for mud for a right cause than to sling mud without a cause.

R. Valentino

Mary Milford on the Screen

Mary Beth Milford is the latest acquisition to pictures from the ranks of revues. Miss Milford has just stepped out of the Music Box Revue, and will play the feminine lead in the second series of "Fikhting Blood," starring George O'Hara, and which Robertson-Cole is producing.

And yet, it's too bad, for her admirers can never hear her beautiful voice on the screen.

The Joseph Schildkrauts at Work

Everybody was quite excited when Joseph Schildkraut stepped out of the leading role in Hall Caine's "Master of Man," which Victor Seastrom is making for Goldwyn. Mr. Schildkraut explained that he wasn't suited to the role of an Englishman, that was all.

However, it seems that wasn't quite all. It appears that Mr. Schildkraut, while he greatly admires Mr. Seastrom, feels that he needs a different sort of director—a little bit more temperamental kind of director, as he had become used to D. W. Griffith.

So now Schildkraut is playing the lead in Norma Talmadge's picture, while Conrad Nagel stepped into the other role.

It is a nice little family party out here, of the Schildkrauts, with Joseph's wife, Elise Bartlett, also about to start work in pictures. She, too, will probably play in Norma Talmadge's picture.

Al Jolson Has Quit the Movies

Al Jolson caused a lot of thrills around New York picture circles when he decided to give D. W. Griffith the slip, and romped off to Europe while they waited for him on the set at the Griffith studio.

Jolson says he was disappointed at his work on the screen, and didn't feel as though he could go on with it.

"But anybody," declared Griffith, "gets a shock when he first sees himself on the screen."

So that's that.

Born Into Pictures!

Talk about being born into pictures, that is certainly the fate of the babe born at Universal City, during the making of Hobart Henley's "A Lady of Quality," the mother of the infant being an extra on the set.

The little one found its way into life at the hospital at Universal City, the mother being taken ill during the taking of some scenes. She is a Russian Jewess, whose name is not known.

And so, if some day she should attain fame, she will have an interesting answer to the question of how she got her start.

"I was born right into pictures," she can say

The POWDER of PERIL

The second gripping instalment of "*Human Wreckage*" in which Alan MacFarland yields to the poppy's dreaded lure. Fictionized from the Film Booking Office's picturization by C. Gardner Sullivan, featuring Mrs. Wallace Reid

By Charles Warnerby

"That's that," the doctor murmured as he snapped his case shut again.

What has gone before:

Jimmy Brown, a drug addict, smashes the window of a pawnbroker's shop to steal something with which to procure drugs. He is arrested, and a policeman calls upon his mother informing her of the matter. Mrs. Brown, who has slaved in order to take care of her son, appeals to her neighbor, Mrs. Finnegan, for help. Mrs. Finnegan's daughter, Mary, knows Ethel MacFarland, wife of Alan MacFarland, the ablest lawyer in the State. Mary and Mrs. Brown go to her for help and she consults her husband, who promises to get Mrs. Brown's son released.

ETHEL MACFARLAND saw the door close after her two poorly dressed callers, with an ache in her heart. It had been a great happiness to her to be able to tell Mrs. Brown that her husband would use his influence to see her son out of his trouble with the police, but the fact of the latter's drug addiction was inescapable and it weighed heavily upon her. As Alan had said, "Only twenty," yet a helpless addict to a peril far greater than any other habit known. She hoped Mrs. Brown, the mother, did not know how bad the situation really was.

She returned to the drawing-room and from there passed into the library which she had so recently left with the glad tidings of her husband's promise of help. Alan still sat where he had been when she left him, deeply engrossed in affairs, a nervous frown wrinkling his forehead. Ethel, her beautiful face aglow with loving consideration, went softly to him and commenced stroking his brow.

"Haven't you done enough, dear, for today?" she asked, smoothing back his hair.

He raised his eyes wearily to hers with a troubled effort to smile.

"Enough?" he repeated in a tired voice. "I wish I could think so, Ethel. I've a perfectly staggering amount of work ahead of me and I fail to see how I'm going to get anything like half of it done. I fail to see it."

Ethel was silent, gently stroking his forehead and wishing that some relief might come to him in some way. The thought of diverting his mind by reference to another's troubles might help some, she thought.

"Do you think that Mrs. Brown's son will have any trouble getting released?"

Macfarland pondered a moment as he recalled the case, now so swiftly forgotten.

"M'm," he murmured. "The boy who was only twenty, you mean? Broke a jeweler's window to get money to buy heroin?"

"A pawnbroker's window, dear," his young wife gently corrected.

The lawyer laughed.

"Well, that's not so bad, then," he observed, "although I dare say the law would consider it so. How ever did the boy form the drug habit, dearest?"

Ethel shook her head helplessly and shrugged her shoulders.

"His mother even does not know. She assumes it was wild company and the organized ring of dope peddlers who exist throughout the city and strive to get all the new addicts that they can make. It's business for them, I suppose."

Macfarland nodded.

"I know," he said grimly. "We're going to get after those fellows, too. There is a reguarly organized ring of them who are dispensing that powdered peril, and it's a disgrace to our city. But first we've got to get this boy out and see what he can tell us."

His wife continued to stroke his hair as he sat plunged in thought.

"Of course," he continued after a space, "this lad will have to go to a hospital upon his release from jail. If he's a confirmed addict, as I judge he is from what you say, he's probably suffering all of the tortures of the condemned at this very moment. You can't take drugs without paying the piper sooner or later."

HE broke off abruptly, his eyes going back to the papers before him in weary abstraction, and his young wife, who stood watching him so closely the while, quietly withdrew her hand from his head and left his side.

"Dinner at seven, dearest," she said softly, crossing the room and going out by the double doorway.

Macfarland nodded, returning with nervous abstraction to the papers before him. Somehow today his head was not as clear as usual .. .. .. was cloudy from using it too much, yet he had to continue, he knew, faced by the tasks in black and white before him. There was so much, he thought distractedly, that simply could not wait, that was pressing him desperately for attention, and yet the condition of his nerves did not seem to promise a successful discharge of it.

He reached uncertainly for the phone in front of him, his mind striving to recall the number of his doctor, but the figures all ran into each other. What was the matter with him, he wondered? Could it be brain fag? He felt of his forehead but there seemed to be no indication of temperature; not only this, but he didn't feel feverish. No, it was his nerves, pure and simple, his nerves and his brain which he had been using altogether too much of late for his own good.

The extreme good wisdom in calling his doctor again occurred to him, and the number still eluding his memory, he sought a telephone book on the side of the desk at which he sat, and after some minutes succeeded with difficulty in ascertaining the number.

It seemed to be quite as difficult and as harrowing a business to call the number once he had got it than it had been to find it, which was aggravated by the word at the other end of the wire that his physician was out of town. Another physician, however, a Dr. Hillman, was taking care of his own doctor's practice, and if Mr. Macfarland wished this doctor would come.

"Yes, have him come," Macfarland interrupted shortly and abruptly hung up the receiver.

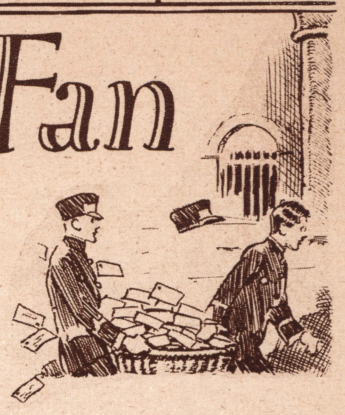
He tried to return to his work again but found the letters as elusive as the telephone figures. Finally he abandoned it, deciding to wait until the doctor arrived and had looked him over and prescribed something that would clear his head and let him think again as he used to, as he had to do in order to proceed with his work.

The lawyer had not long to wait, for within twenty minutes one of the house domestics appeared at the doorway to say that Dr. Hillman had called and a few moments later Macfarland was shaking hands with the man of medicine.

Dr. Hillman was a tall man with a little mustache and a furtive sidelong way of looking at one that was not prepossessing to the

(*Continued on page* 28)

Where Fan Meets Fan



What Improper Movies Have You Seen?

So much has been written about screen censorship that we should like to know what pictures the fans consider immoral and why. For the best letter on this subject that will not exceed 150 words, we will award a weekly prize of $5.00. Address your letters to FAN CONTEST DEPARTMENT, Movie Weekly, 1926 Broadway, New York.

This Week's $5.00 Prize Letter

A great deal has been said on the subject, "What Is the Matter with the Movies?" but I am happy to say that more than one exhibitor endorses Mr. Valentino's answer to the question.

Today, more than at any time in the history of the past, are the vices of the trust apparent. Aside from its influence in the motion picture industry—where is the housewife whose allowance has not felt the pinch of the Sugar Trust, and at one time or another the demands of the Beef Trust? Where is the "Ford" owner who smiles when the price of "gas" takes another leap in altitude? Blame the Oil Trust.

There is scarcely a vein of our daily life that is not more or less so monopolized. Even art itself, the expression of beauty, is falling prey to the trust. The motion pictures, which could be one of the high arts, are today being canned like so many cans of tomatoes. Too many, far too many of us are satisfied. Is our taste for the finer and better things gone or merely discouraged?

To Mr. Valentino's criticism, I would like to add but one thought. It is impossible to dissolve the trust—government regulation can do a great deal, but not all. The main remedy is to educate the public; teach art appreciation in the schools, and watch the results!

Mr. Valentino is to be congratulated on the stand he has taken and his persistent courage. It will take a long, very long time before he attains his goal, but Fortune grant him a triumphant return! There is none more deserving.

HENRIETTE D. SIGMUND.

The Valentinos Brought an Atmosphere of Italy to Seattle

I was one of the lucky ones who got to see Mr. and Mrs. Rudolph Valentino. Into the cold dance hall of Seattle's Hippodrome they seemed to bring Italy. In your mind creep pictures of trees—palm trees, flowers, riotous beds of coloring. The distant sound of tambourines. It fairly made me want to shout "Viva!"

I do not think it would have startled anyone if I had, for every one there had that expression on their faces.

Both Madame and Monsieur looked happy. It made us feel happy to see them look so.

Then Mr. Valentino spoke; his voice was soft and mellow, with a serious note in his slightly foreign accent.

Mrs. Valentino is sweet and so graceful. During the dance her eyes seemed to say to him: "This is your work. You give pleasure to people who need it. It is my pleasure to see it so, and to help."

The memory of Valentino will always remain.

MABELLE SAFFORDS.

Fan Extends Appreciation to Valentino

Rudolph Valentino's statement in Movie Weekly regarding the poor quality of the motion pictures interests me and I fully agree with him.

I am much interested in pictures and attend the theatre several times a week, but I have often felt that I would prefer to stay at home and read than to see the utterly senseless pictures, very often poorly acted and equally poorly cast.

Mr. Valentino deserves the gratitude and appreciation he gets from his numerous admirers, for his fine work and his respect for the intelligence of the public.

May we have him back on the screen very soon!

K. F. H.

Another Fan Agrees With Valentino

Having been a regular reader of Movie Weekly for almost a year, I would like to give my views in regard to what Rudolph Valentino has to say about moving pictures.

Polo in *Pola Negri's* picture— how appropriate! The fair polo player is *Anna Ellen Vane* in *"The Cheat."*

I agree with him entirely that a large number of pictures are an insult to people of intelligence.

In the past six weeks, I have seen as many as seven pictures that were simply ridiculous, and some of them with leading parts indifferently acted.

Mr. Valentino is entitled to the gratitude of every lover of good pictures for the fine work he has done and his brave fight to keep up the standard.

It is certainly hard on his numerous admirers to be deprived of seeing this fine artist on the screen, to say nothing of the hardship to Mr. Valentino himself, and I am earnestly hoping to see him back in pictures very soon. M. A. H.

Let Us Have More Artistic Pictures

Seventy-five per cent of the pictures shown today are a brazen insult to the public's intelligence. Mr. Valentino's statement is quite true.

In the majority of stories shown on the screen, the characters are not true to life. The heroes and heroines are made to appear faultless, and the villains "all bad," and usually, without one redeeming quality. We have had too many pictures produced in imitation of another successful picture. For instance, after Mr. Valentino's appearance in "The Sheik," the public were practically "fed" on "Sheik stories."

Producers, in many cases, lay too much stress upon gorgeous sets, beautiful gowns and costumes, and disregard the ability of the actor to portray the character the story calls for. Thus the picture becomes a mere "fashion show." Minor details, that tend to make a picture look finished and complete, are very often overlooked.

The motion picture industry has proved to its patrons that it is capable of producing pictures that are a credit to the industry, and have won the admiration and praise of critics and public alike.

We shall always remember the mother in "Humoresque"; Julio Desnoyers, in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse"; Mr. Barthelmess' acting, in "Tol'able David"; and above all, Mr. Valentino's splendid portrayal of Juan Gallardo in "Blood and Sand."

"Blood and Sand" was a finished work of motion picture art before it was ruthlessly cut. Gallardo had his faults as well as his virtues, but kept the sympathy of the audience throughout the story.

The American public have on more than one occasion demonstrated their appreciation of the artistic. They have ever been the patrons of drama, art and music. The writer agrees with Mr. Valentino, let us have more pictures with a "true and fine appreciation of the artistic," and the American public will back them with their dollars and words of praise.

MARJORIE M. HUNTER.

Valentino in an Appropriate Setting

I read this page every week, and I have always envied the lucky fans who see their favorite stars in person. I never expected to be so fortunate as to even *see* any movie star in real life, but one day fate smiled down upon me and I became the happiest girl in the United States! I was dining at one of the Italian Restaurants in the Latin Quarter of New York City when all of a sudden in walked my favorite star! Rudolph Valentino! (I was so excited I could hardly breathe, I pinched myself to see if I was dreaming.) Considering the nationality of the star the setting was very appropriate.

The *best* is yet to come! My escort was a friend of Valentino and he introduced me to Rudolph and his attractive wife. First of all I want to tell everyone (I'd like to shriek it from the house tops) Rudie is better looking off the screen than on! His voice has the slightest trace of a facinating accent, and he is very interesting to talk to because he is ever so clever and oh, well what's the use of continuing? I could just rave on forever! Mrs. Valentino is every bit as charming as her handsome husband. I think they make an ideal pair because they both are very entertaining.

I'll close this letter now, Mr. Editor, and I'll tell the world that I'll root for Rudolph any time.

Sincerely

BILLYE KAYE.

Perkins' Predicament

(Continued from page 22)

three unopened quart bottles of Mumm's Extra Dry, vintage of 1914. With methodical accuracy the metal arm reached over the side of the boat and deposited paid and contents in the midst of the surprised occupants. Then it returned to the sea and vanished.

Fifteen minutes passed. The professor had a half-Nelson on the chauffeur, who, in turn, was sitting on the photographer's head, when the same talented claw heaved a crushed wooden cabinet over the side and nearly capsized the boat, and the submarine device came to the surface.

"Works fine, Professor," grinned Perkins as he climbed out of the aperture in the top. "Found you'd forgotten to make any provision for the thing to rise to the surface again, so I unscrewed the motor and tied a rope to it. Came up without any trouble then, and pulled myself down by the rope the second time, to get Davy Jones' locker. Did you know you were dropping me right on top of a sunken commercial submarine? Must have been there five or six years—I smashed its cabin safe and found it crammed full of German silver and jewelry."

SOMEWHAT richer than he had been the day before, Perkins made his way, late that same evening, to a little East Side restaurant in which he had an appointment with the author of letter number two.

At a corner table he observed a young man of about twenty-six who peered at the coat lapel of every new comer. He was pale and thin, and wore a pepper and salt suit that had evidently seen better days. Too, he coughed now and then, and everyone could see that if he were a more prosperous looking individual, and would go to a good doctor, the medico would order him to some mountain resort for his health. In the lapel of his seedy coat he sported an incongruously fresh and bright red rose.

In the lapel of Perkins' immaculate coat there was a yellow rose bud.

"Thank God you weren't a fake!" the seedy young man exclaimed as Perkins sat down opposite. "When I read that story in the morning paper I realized there was just one chance in a million that you weren't merely some bright reporter's idea. Some of the New York papers still pay their staff according to the amount of space they fill each week, I believe."

In his speech and general demeanor the man showed distinct evidences of refinement and good breeding.

"You weren't able to tell me all the details of your case in the letter," Perkins said. "Is it all right to talk her?"

"If anybody did over hear us," the stranger smiled, "they would just think I'd been taking dope. It doesn't sound true enough even to arouse suspicion. And if you're planted by the police to find out what I wrote about, I don't care a particular damn. You see, I'm just about all in, and if you can't do anything for me, one place to live won't be much worse than another. Here's the situation.

"What I went to jail for was forgery. I've got a crabbed, grasping old gentleman of an uncle—on in whom the so-called milk of human kindness turned into lemon extract when he was a kid.

"My father was a western manufacturer. Uncle Alex always wanted control of Dad's business and couldn't bet it. Dad died three years ago. Six months before that he sent me to New York to work in Uncle's bank—said it would be fine training and the discipline would teach me to be a business man. Uncle Alex made me a clerk at ten dollars a week and told me not to paint the town red. I didn't, but I ran across what looked like a good chance in the stock market, and I needed several hundred dollars. Dad hadn't been sending me any money, Uncle Alex having told him it would be best for me to get along on my salary, and—well, if the stock had gone up next day as I expected, I'd have been able to grab the check when it came back to the bank for payment, and then replace it with real money. Uncle Alex let me go to jail for the sake of discipline. Fortunately, dad never heard anything about it.

"I escaped after I'd been there a week, and the first Western newspaper I could buy had a dispatch in it announcing my father's death and saying he had left me his business.

"Large chance — mine — of ever getting it away from Uncle Alex without going back to serve out my term with additional time for escaping! The old boy'd have clapped me into jail about five minutes after I presented myself. And if they sent me back now—" the young man coughed—" "I'd last just about six months, so it wouldn't matter much. Lungs going back on me, you see."

"Have you written out the will that you

Not the least of *Rudy's* accomplishments is ability as a swordsman.

mentioned in your letter?" Perkins asked. It was largely this novel will that intrigued his interest. For Perkins himself knew what it meant to have a dead man's will for an enemy.

"Yes," replied the young man, drawing a neatly prepared document from his pocket and spreading it before Perkins. "I studied law out West, and so didn't have to get any help to draw it up. However, I will have to try to arrange some way to get the necessary detailed information regarding various pieces of property that Dad willed me, the present status of the estate, and so forth. We can tackle that problem together if by any chance you decide to—to go through with the scheme. The whole thing's so one-sided though—why, man, it's ludicrous of me even to have thought of it! Are you really going to commit suicide—honest?"

He looked unbelievingly at Perkins. The latter nodded.

"Well," went on the other man, "your reasons are none of my damn business, of course. If you will do what I ask, when you do commit suicide, why I'll divide whatever property and money I may get out of it fifty-fifty with anybody you may designate. As the old man was pretty wealthy, it will be a tidy sum; though—"with an appraising glance at Perkins' faultless attire—" "I don't imagine money matters have been the things that bothered you."

(To be continued)

How Valentino Obtained His Marvelous Physique

(Continued from page 20)

to find out that from childhood up to the end of military school days the famous movie star did certain things which were originally responsible for the present perfection of his physique. It is interesting to learn how his early training actually provided him with certain specific bodily attainments, and then to follow up this exposition with a summary of how he has kept himself fit since leaving Italy and becoming a household name in America.

Study the muscular development of his legs. Bicycle riding, swimming, running and soccer-football are the sports and exercises that developed his calves and thighs. These four sports throw the leg muscles into great play, and round them into strong, flexible tissues. Now take a look at his chest and shoulders. Notice the husky pads of muscle that protect his shoulder bones? These particular muscles were developed by swimming and rowing, he says. Valentino's forearms and biceps are very large, although not out of proportion with the general muscular development of his body. Weight lifting, and play with a medicine ball, plus regular gymnastic exercises are responsible for his muscular arms.

As Valentino says, it is one thing to develop a strong, healthy body. But, it is quite another thing to keep physically fit after you pass out of the school years and are confronted with the workaday world. Men find it as hard to maintain a high state of physical culture as it is easy to lose the fruits of athletic training by leading a life which disrupts bodily perfection.

Why Women Leave Home

(Continued from page 11)

Miss Pringle claims stoutly that it was the "urge" that made her strike out for a career.

Yet there is a wonderful romance back of it all. Doubtless Freudists would lay her rebellion to constant repression from childhood. For her father, too, strenuously opposed her going on the stage.

"Why, you at once and automatically became a bad woman if you went on the stage, according to father's ideas!" declared Miss Pringle with her eyes flashing. "But mother said, more sympathetically, 'I will go with her to London, and if she doesn't like being an actress after all, or if she fails, she can give it up.' So I went on the stage in London for three years!

"That's when my romance began. I met my husband while mother and I were visiting my father in Jamacaica. I only knew him ten days—it was one of those quick love affairs. I felt sure then that I should be willing to go out to Jamaica and give up my career. The next year when I was in California, he came out to visit me. He came on Tuesday and we were married on Wednesday.

"Why in general," I asked, "do women leave home? And should they always if they feel an urge to do so?"

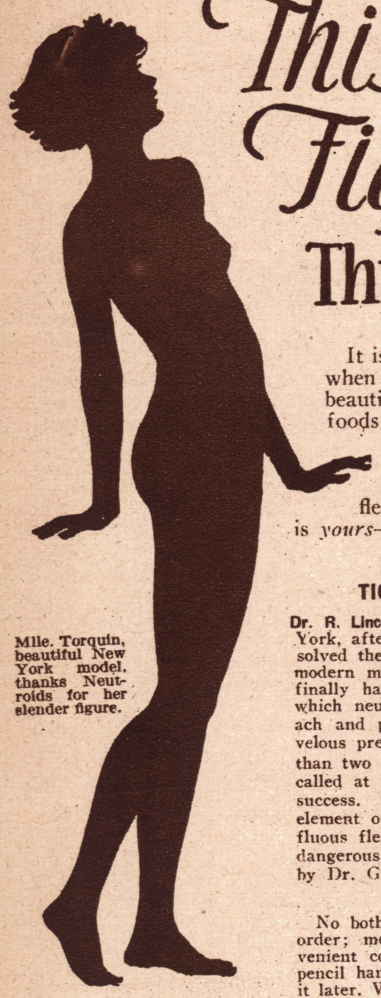
"Well, I have to admit that I'm a great individualist," said Miss Pringle, as the lengthening sun's rays sent a wonderful color into her brilliant green eyes. "But I suppose that's due to early suppression.

"No, decidedly, I don't think any woman should leave home for a career unless she has endless courage, good health, tireless energy and willingness to work, unusual strength of personality and determination, and talent. Some women who strike out for themselves never should have done so. They lack all the qualities necessary to success, for one thing, and their failure takes the heart out of others. Besides some women who think they want careers don't really at all. They are piqued at their husbands or fathers, or at their lovers, and leave impetuously and blindly, while all the time in their hearts what they want are husbands and children.

"A woman should think deeply and carefully before she gives up the certainty of home for the uncertainty of a career, and especially of this most uncertain life—that of stage or screen."

This Lovely Slender Figure is YOURS

This Beautiful Woman is YOU



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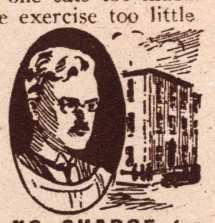

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Human Wreckage

(*Continued from page 25*)

lawyer. He recalled Hillman as a member of the same club that he belonged to, but he had never known the man; indeed, in the past, had felt rather an instinctive aversion to him. His reputation among his fellow physicians was somewhat questionable, although Macfarland did not know in what this stigma had its basis, but he was not popular with men nor believed to be particularly scrupulous.

"How are you, Macfarland?" the physician asked, as he deposited a small black case upon the lawyer's paper-strewn desk.

Macfarland shrugged wearily, masking the distaste and aversion he felt. The man was here now and he had better make the best of it.

"Oh, I'm not well, Doctor," he replied. "My nerves are all which way and my head is so cloudy that I can't think clearly. I seem to be well enough physically but it's my head, I think."

THE physician, clad in an immaculate dinner coat, as though he had interrupted or delayed an appointment to call upon Macfarland, looked at him through narrowed eyes a moment, then tapped the black leather case on the desk before him.

"You're overworked!" he said shortly.

"I know that, Doctor," Macfarland replied irritably. "What I want is something to put me right again—at least, until I can get this work out of the way that's pressing me so fearfully."

Dr. Hillman regarded him again through narrowed eyes, unable apparently to make up his mind about something.

"Do you drink?" he asked suddenly, as though he thought this might provide a possible relief.

"No," Macfarland answered. "I never touch it. I've got too much work to do and alcohol impairs the efficiency."

The doctor nodded and continued to remain plunged in a quandary.

"Well," he said at last, "there's only one thing that I know of that can help you."

"Yes," returned Macfarland, his forehead wrinkling in perplexity. He was thinking more of his overwrought nerves and the work before him than he was of the doctor's exact words.

"Only one thing," the doctor repeated, "and that's morphine."

"Morphine!" the lawyer echoed in a hollow voice. "Why that's dope!"

Dr. Hillman smiled.

"I believe they do call it that," he murmured imperturbably. "But it's a medicine, too."

Macfarland shook his head decisively at the implied prescription of the doctor before him. He had seen enough of drugs and their victims not to want any of it in his life.

"No, Doctor," he repiled firmly. "No dope for me."

The physician shrugged and lifted the little leather case from the desk.

"Well then," he said coolly, "I'm sorry." He prepaired to leave.

"But good heavens, man!" Macfarland exploded, "haven't you anything else to offer?"

The physician laid the case down on the desk again and turned to the lawyer.

"Look here, Macfarland," he said. "Can you give up and go away into the mountains and live an outdoor life for three or four months?"

The lawyer shook his head.

"Lord no," he responded. "I've got too much work to do. I've got to stick here until I do it, too; that's all."

The physician shrugged again.

"Well, then," he said, "I suggested whiskey but you say you don't drink. What else *is* there, I ask you, except morphine?"

Macfarland frowned in perplexity at the other's argument. There seemed to be no avenue, no loophole of escape.

"But this drug thing," he started to say.

The doctor cut him short.

"You've got an exaggerated notion of the drug matter," he said briskly. "As a physician, *I* know. Suppose you do get a shot or two, that doesn't make you an addict. And it will help you do your work now as nothing else will do. That's why I'm proposing it."

The lawyer considerd the other's subtle proposal with painfully wrinkled forehead. It was a cruel dilemma for him that offered but the one solution.

"Well," he said finally, "what do I do?"

The eyes of Doctor Hillman narrowed triumphantly and he opened the case before him.

"Roll up your sleeve," he said civilly.

MACFARLAND drew back the sleeve of his coat and unfastened the cuff links of his right shirt sleeve. Then, rolling this back he exposed his white muscular arm to the physician's hands. Dr. Hillman, swiftly withdrawing a needle and a small vial from the case, filled the former with the contents of the latter, and approached the patient before him. Then, with a swift movement, he skilfully inserted the tiny thread of steel and as swiftly withdrew it, while Macfarland watched him with dull, fascinated eyes.

"That's that," the doctor murmured as he snapped his case shut again.

Macfarland had sunk back into the chair beneath him, wearily conscious that he had been a party to some sort of wrong—a wrong that was masked by the medical science that employed it. Already, however, his brain was clearing and he felt like returning to his work. Morphine was a wonderful thing, after all, he concluded.

"Goodbye, Macfarland," Dr. Hillman was saying. "I've got a dinner engagement and I've got to rush. When you need me again, let me know."

(*Continued on page 29*)

Human Wreckage

(Continued from page 28)

Too immersed in the tide of well-being was Macfarland to know even more than that the physician was going. Nor was he aware of his wife's presence until she stood by his side again and touched his head.

"It's nearly time for dinner, dear," she said softly.

He rose to his feet, drawing her to him.

"Ethel," he said tenderly. "I feel as young and as fresh tonight as I did when we were married."

The surprise on his beautiful young wife's face was manifest.

"But, Alan darling," she exclaimed, "I thought you were feeling so badly."

He looked at her and smiled.

"I know, dear," he replied, "but that was before I—before I—"

He stopped abrutply. He found suddenly that, following his conversation with her about Mrs. Brown's son, he could not tell her; that it must be kept secret.

"Yes, dearest?" his wife was saying, as she looked at him with wide open eyes of questioning.

"That was before I saw you in that pretty new dress," he said bravely as he drew her to him and kissed her.

(Continued next week)

Killing a Wild Cat in The Arizona Mountains

Continued from page 10)

chaps flapping and his quirt dangling from his wrist. He crashed through underbrush which seemed woven like a basket. If he only knew what I was suffering, I told myself, surely he would rein in his horse.

We slithered down a steep incline into the bottom of a dry gulch and took the opposit slope obliquely. In the distance we could hear the baying of the dogs, but as we entered more heavy timber, the sound was no longer audible.

(To be continued next week)

Is the Screen Star's Wife Jealous of Her Husband

(Continued from page 13)

once you're cast as a certain type of character, it is as difficult to shake it off as tar-pitch.

"But, Mrs. Valentino, if—if ever a woman's regard for Mr. Valentino should prove *personal*, as you call it—then would you be jealous?"

"Of course I would," flashed one of the most charming young women we've ever met. "I think I'd see every shade of green that was ever invented!"

So, fans, you see the wife of a great film favorite is just as human as most of us after all.

Why Valentino Is So Attractive to Women

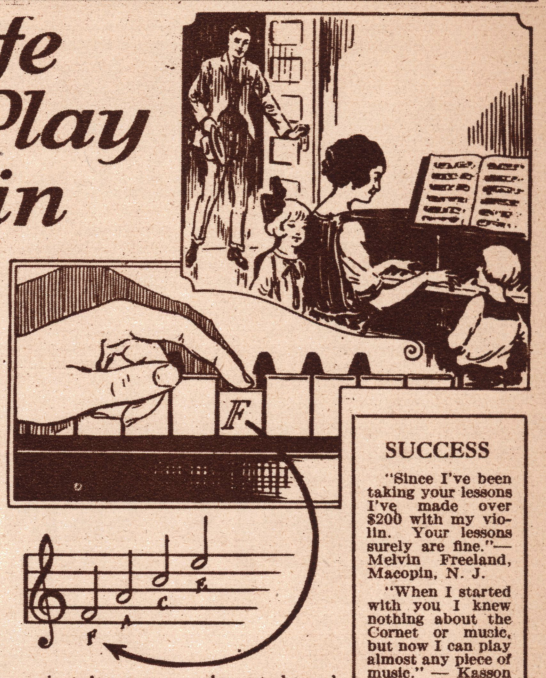
(Continued from page 19)

taneous good-heartedness like Douglas Fairbanks', but it has vision indicated in the broad brow, and willingness to fight long and hard for any object it desires.

It is the face of a man who does not regard the public as his friend, but as a strange creature to be won and cajoled, to be tricked into liking by gestures and even pretense. But the sex appeal with which the face is vibrant seems almost to explain away that apparent spurning of the usual "good nature" tricks of the average star. For Valentino no such tricks are necessary.

He is an artist with surprises. His playing has always shown quick contrast, agile leaping from one mood to the next, as if indicative of an overlay of superficial character hiding the real man. The real man, the real Valentino, has a secret. But a study of the eyes, brow and mouth will tell you it *is only* a knowledge of other people's secrets.

How My Wife Learned to Play the Piano in 90 Days



A husband's story of the fulfillment of a lifelong wish—by a new, easy, spare-time method which has brought the joy of music into thousands of silent homes.

FROM boyhood, I vowed that if ever I had a home of my own there would be music in it. No wife for me unless she could play some instrument, and play it well.

But one day Beth came along, knowing not one note from another, and Beth is Mrs. Taylor today. A piano graced our new home, but somehow the old vow was forgotten, and stayed forgotten until Jimmy, Jr., and Beth No. 2 were quite some youngsters.

Then along about the time the novelty of parenthood began to wear off a bit, the yearning for music came back. And one evening I spoke out, "Beth, I'd give a hundred dollars if you could play something—piano, violin, banjo, ukelele—*anything*. Beth looked so hurt I was ashamed of myself, so I said no more.

About three months later I got home early one night, and heard the old piano come to life—first a little dizzy piece, then a sweet plantation melody. And there at the piano was *Beth*, playing, and the two kiddies beating time. She saw me, and stopped. "Oh," she cried, "I'm so sorry!" "Believe me, I'm not," I shouted, and I grabbed the whole family up in my arms.

"But, Jim, I wanted to wait and surprise you when I could really play. I'm learning fast, but it's only three months since I found out"—"Found out what?" I said. Beth began to cry. "I know!" Jimmy Jr. piped up, "Mother found out the way to learn music just like I am learning to read in school—only lots easier."

Well, that musical party lasted all the evening. It was a howling success.

Jimmy, Jr., had told the truth; the method Beth had found was so easy that anyone at all, from eight years up, could learn it. By this method the U. S. School of Music, the largest in the world, has already trained over 300,000 people, teaching the playing of any musical instrument almost in the same way a school child learns to read.

When first learning to read you look at every letter separately, and spell out every word, c-a-t, m-a-n. Later you do not see the letters; you see the words as units, "cat," "man." By and by longer words become units to you, and you find that whole *expressions*, like "up the steps," "on the train," no longer are seen as separate words, but immediately, at an instant, without spelling, without thinking words, you see each expression in the unit form.

The alphabet of music follows the alphabet of language. Each note is a letter, and playing is practically spelling ten notes together correctly. The first note on the staff above is F. Whether you sing or play, it is always F. The four notes shown above are F-A-C-E, easy to remember because they spell "face." Certain strings on mandolin, certain keys on piano, certain parts of all instruments, are these same notes. Once you learn them, playing melodies is a matter of *acting* what you *see!* You play almost before you realize it and every step is real fun, fascinating, simple, interesting, almost too good to be true.

Remember, neither my wife nor most of the 300,000 other musicians trained by this method knew anything about music. Beth mastered the piano; she could just as easily have mastered anything else. Jimmy, Jr., is now taking up violin, and my daughter is learning singing. Right at home, no costly teacher, no classes at inconvenient hours, no useless study and practice. No numbers, no tricks, no makeshifts. But a sound, quick musical education, learning by *notes*. *Anyone* can *learn any* instrument or sing this way.

When I told Beth I was writing this out to put in a magazine, she told me to be sure and say that the school will gladly send a free book explaining everything, called "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," and that right now there is a special short-time Reduced Price Offer being made to music lovers. The book is free, asking for it obligates you not at all—but you should send for it right away before all copies are gone.

JAMES W. TAYLOR.

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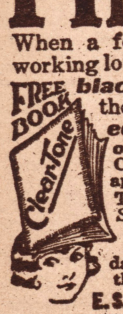

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How I Play a Love Scene

(*Continued from page* 12)

like her, wouldn't it make the love scene very difficult?"

"Yes," he agreed, "it would be more difficult to imagine my character—the one I am playing—in love with her. I should have to work harder, to forget that I disliked her."

"Another thing about a love scene as I play it," he went on, "I find that I can never do so well on a re-take as I do the first time. When I have just finished playing the scene, I find that it has used me up emotionally, and if I have to do it again, the second time is never so good—though the photography may be better. For that reason, I always tell the cameraman to be very careful in taking the picture the first time so that the photography will be good.

We Beg Pardon

Mrs Rudolph Valentino desires to correct a statement attributed to her in a recent issue of Movie Weekly. The statement quoted Mrs Valentino as saying that it was the art directors of the studios who were directly implicated in the graft that prevailed, whereas, as she hastens to explain, it is not the art directors, but the studio managers, who are responsible, in several instances at least, for the conditions of graft that came before her particular notice. In this regard Mrs. Valentino says:

"The technical directors are given a list of stores from which they are to make their art selections, these same stories being in cahoots with the studio managers through whom an arrangement has been affected to divide whatever graft may come of it. Sometimes the stores do not have the identical properties that the technical directors, require, but because of the graft arrangement that prevails, they are unable to seek what they need in other stores, and the picture suffers accordingly. And when the technical directors have, in at least one instance in the past that I know of, gone to the studio manager about it, the latter has replied: 'Oh, use anything! What does the public know about it, anyway?' And so it goes."

Play Reviews

(*Continued from page* 15)

Famous Players is grooming Mr. Cortez for stardom and he certainly gives promise of living up to their hopes for him. Incidentally, he is really more the Valentino type than any actor so far mentioned as his alleged successor.

"Children of Jazz" is a light, frothy picture, but it is exceedingly well directed by Jerome Storm and is delightful entertainment. And all those women who like cavemen and men who would like to be cavemen, are bound to enjoy this picture—not to mention some of the rest of us.

❀ ❀ ❀ ❀ ❀

"ITCHING PALMS"

A Farce Which Takes Itself Seriously

"Itching Palms," it isn't hard to guess from the title, is a story of money, money, money, with everybody out to get it. There isn't a single movie trick that has been overlooked, including the thief who puts the blame on another man, the villain who tries to kiss the girl, the fight between him and the hero, the rescue of the hero from a burning building, the—but after all, it would take too long to enumerate all the movie tricks there are!

The direction was by James W. Horne, who is doubtless new at the business of directing. It's hardly fair to put all the blame on him, for after all, he couldn't help it that the story was so silly.

If Marriages in the Movies Were Shuffled About

(*Continued from page* 19)

And Pola would have done it, I bet!

Supposing Doug Fairbanks were married to Theda Bara! Would Theda ever have given the critics a chance to pull that line about being barah and barah? No, I don't think so. Doug would have said: "Theda, old dear, didn't you ever hear the old wheeze about charms half-revealed, half-concealed?" And even if Doug is about half a head shorter than Theda, he would have put his foot down—and Theda would have sailed up the Nile in her winter costume of mosquito netting!

And Doug would have encouraged her in the Du Barry type of thing—would have worked his finger nails to the bone hunting around in the grass for old costume plays in which they wore costumes!

Rudolph Valentino—The Most Romantic Personality

(*Continued from page* 9)

We thought this a splendid explanation of it all and said so.

"What are your plans," we asked him, "when you come back to the screen?"

"Oh, I'm going to have my own company," he told us calmly, "and make just the sort of pictures that I'd like to see myself, and that isn't very much like most that are made today, either."

We nodded agreement.

"Most of them are fairly frightful," we said sincerely. "And you're going abroad now?" we questioned, aware of his impending trip.

"Yes," he answered, adding with naive gravity: "For a vacation."

And that is all. For the rest, we must refer you to the de Sola character analysis of the man on page 21 which Valentino himself read and pronounced remarkable in its truth and accuracy. All that remains is a prophecy as to his reception when he returns to the screen, either in January, 1924, a matter of months removed, or a year from then, in 1925.

We would like to predict that his return will be meteoric. Personally, we feel that there is no one like Valentino and that, furthermore, there never will be.

Valentino Turns Poet

(*Continued from page* 23)

Wherein
My senses
Drown.
Your Eyes.

Your Lips

Your Lips,
Twin Silken Petals
Of a dewy rose.
Altar
Of the heart
Where love
Kindling desire.
Worships unafraid.
Crucible
Of
Passion.
The rose in masquerade.
Your Lips.

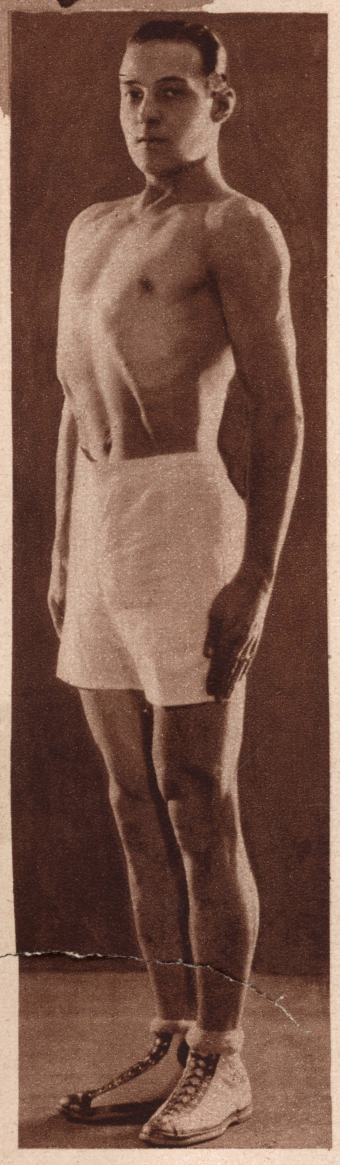
In "Reflections at Random," that completes the volume, Valentino reveals his philosophy of life—a cheerful and courageous outlook, not untouched, however, by gentle irony at the seesaw of fate either in business or in love. "Make the best of what comes," he says, "for the best is coming." But again: "Into the garden we all go, but most are looking for the worm in the bud and never see the promise of the flower." The service of love, however, is his dominant keynote and one which he unceasingly strikes.

A companion volume to "Day Dreams" that comes off the press simultaneously and is from the same author's pen, is "How You Can Keep Fit."[2] by Rudolph Valentino. The book is a study of the physical development of the body and is illustrated by pictures of Valentino, who is himself a marvel of physical development.

[1] "Day Dreams," a Book of Verse, by Rudolph Valentino. Published by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York. Price, $2.00.

[2] "How You Can Keep Fit," by Rudolph Valentino. A book on the physical care and development of the human body. Published by Macfadden Publications, Inc., New York. Price, $1.00.

Rudolph Valentino Tells "How You Can Keep Fit"



AS you sit in the darkened motion picture theatre and see him play roles upon the silver screen that arouse your admiration, as you see him ride with the ease and grace of a Cossack, or accomplish feats of strength and endurance, or battle with the villain of the plot, you must realize that unless Valentino kept himself in superb physical condition, he could never do the things that make him a super-star among the stars.

And he *does* keep himself in superb physical condition just as you will have to keep yourself in perfect condition if you are to become as successful in your chosen work as he is in his.

Through the years he has worked and thought and experimented to find the methods that will give the best results with the least effort and expenditure of time.

One by one he added his findings to his daily round until finally he completed the simple, natural system that keeps him always in the splendid condition absolutely necessary to his success.

You Can Keep Yourself in Condition by the Method Valentino Uses

While originally, he had no intention of ever publishing the system that keeps him fit, at the urgent request of Physical Culture Magazine, he has written a book in which he tells in detail exactly how he maintains his splendid physique, how he builds his muscular energy, how he avoids sickness—in a word—everything that he finds necessary to make him the splendid specimen of manhood that he is.

It is copiously illustrated throughout with photographs of Rudolph Valentino himself, posed especially for this book. If you are an admirer of Valentino, his book, for its illustrations alone, would be worth many times its price, but if you not only admire him but earnestly wish to possess as perfect a body and as great a degree of health as he, it will be worth its weight in gold. It is equally as valuable to women as to men.

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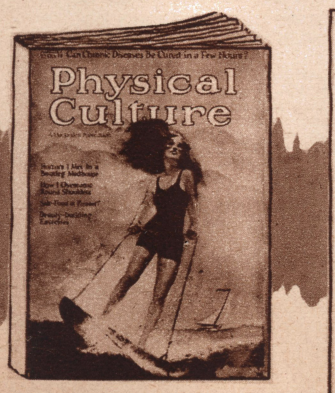

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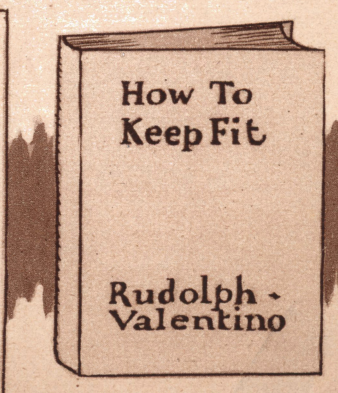

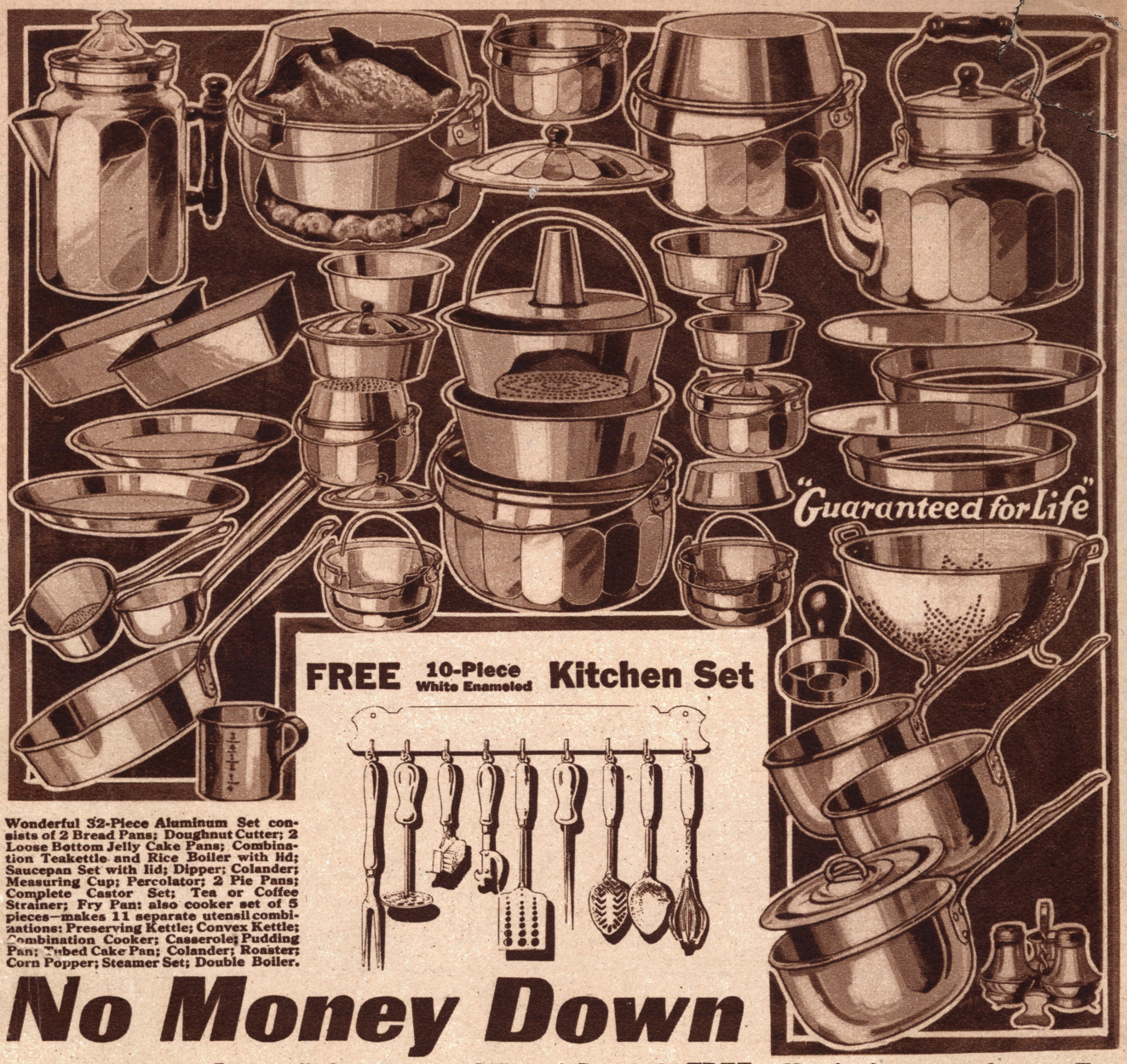

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